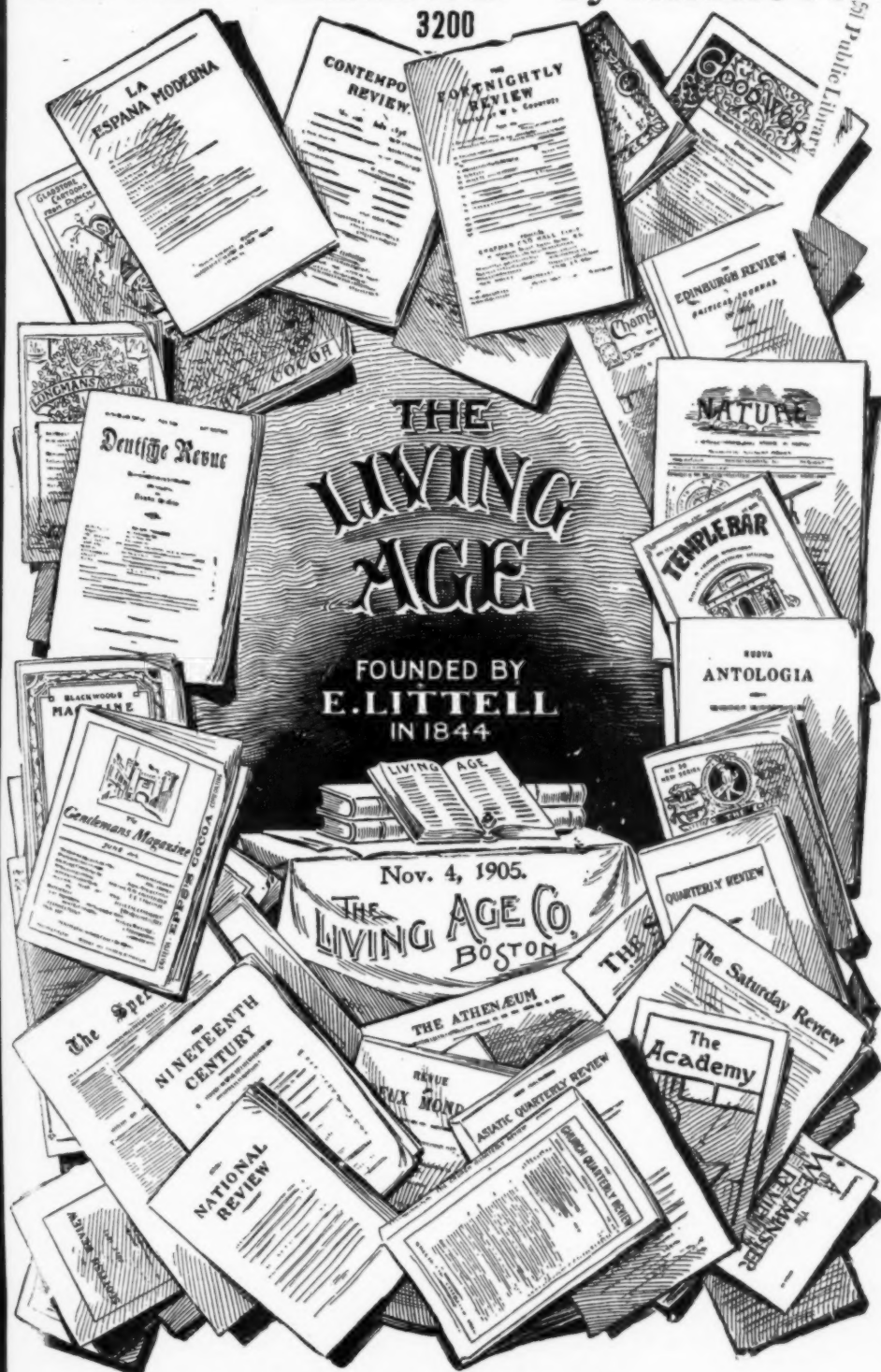


THE NEW ALLIANCE. By Herbert Pa 1.

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DEVOTION.

If I were dying, you would come, I
know,
Through avenues of pleasure as one
blind
But footed like the wind; the siren-
show
In you no loiterer would find.

The music and the laughter and the
thrill
Running along the pave like fairy
hordes
Would not one instant reach you; for
too shrill
Were silence slanting on the heart's
tense cords.

Nothing would stay you till you gained
a room
Haunted by sleepless watch and tick-
ing brain.
It you would enter though it were a
tomb:
O love, how deep, how splendid, and
how vain!

W. H. Chesson.

The Outlook.

THE ETERNAL PROSPECT.

And dost thou shrink, in prospect of
that clime
Where immortality takes place of time,
Asking thy doubtful spirit oft, in pain,
How her frail vessel shall such weight
sustain,
Where aeons out of aeons rise unroll'd
In volume all unmeasur'd and untold?
There soon (as *soon* shall there be un-
derstood)
To cease to be will seem the perfect
good;
To crumble into rest; to let the soul
Loose from within, to mingle with the
whole;
Poor prostrate Atlas buried, to be free,
Beneath the orb of his eternity.

Nay, dreamer, cast away such views
forlorn;
Thou shalt not be a bearer there, but
borne.

Not from thyself the life-springs shall
ascend
Which no beginning knew and fear no
end;
God in thy all shall there be all at
length;
Thy strength shall rest for ever on His
strength.
Who asks the boat the upheaving tide
to fill?
Who asks the flower to prop its native
hill?
Do wheeling eagles for the skies take
care
Or with their wings create the ambient
air?
For that long morrow think no thought
beside
This thought, that He shall then *Him-
self* provide;
He, mother-like, shall fold thee to His
kiss,
And feed, and bear thee on in timeless
bliss.

Handley Dunelm.

The Spectator.

A LONGING FOR DEPARTURE.

Oh! to be leaving the green earth
And the skies above;
The gladness of sleeping and waking,
And the glory of love.

To be losing the still waters,
The rivers and streams.
To be losing hope and remembrance,
Thoughts and dreams.

To be dead to the wonder of winter,
The miraculous spring,
The marvel of sunlight and moonlight,
Of leaves and of blossoming.

To hear nor the wind's whisper,
Nor the song of rain,
To be one with those that are vanished
And come not again.

To be passed beyond the rose-trees
And their shadows beneath.
To yield life's certain kingdom
For uncertain death.

Ethel Clifford.

THE NEW ALLIANCE.

The ups and downs of political life have often baffled the most ingenious calculations, as Bolingbroke was not the first to remark. The sudden conclusion of the war in the East, and the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, have certainly done something, how much it is difficult to say, towards giving a moribund Government a fresh lease of life. It is true that the leaders of the Opposition accept on this point the policy of the Cabinet, and have no fault to find with it. But their approval was reserved until the Russian fleet had been destroyed, and the form of statesmanship which waits upon events, though sometimes inevitable, and in this case perfectly justifiable, loses with the risk of discredit the chance of triumph. Had Japan been defeated by Russia, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith, if they could not say "We told you so," could at least have said, "We have nothing to do with it." This natural reserve is often as patriotic as it is prudent. For no one outside the Cabinet, and perhaps not everyone inside it, can fully estimate the forces which control foreign affairs. I have never been one of those who thought that the relations of this country with her neighbors, either in Europe or in Asia, could be altogether removed from the sphere of party. Burke's celebrated definition certainly covers them. "Party is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed." But then (and it is a big *but*) those who attack the foreign policy of a Government must be clearly persuaded in their own minds that they know enough to condemn it. If there be any reasonable doubt, they should give the

benefit to men who know more than they do. Cases may of course arise, as, for example, Lord Beaconsfield's defence of Turkey, when Burke's "particular principle in which they are all agreed" admits with Liberals of no compromise or doubt. Had "splendid isolation," the avoidance of all alliances, been an article of the Liberal faith, like the right of the Sultan's Christian subjects to freedom, all other arguments would have had to give way. The conclusion of the Japanese Treaty in 1902 raised no such general doctrine, and grave indeed would have been the mistake of opposing it. Against its renewal now no one in England has a word to say.

Three years ago things were very different, and the Foreign Secretary is entitled to the credit of his foresight. When we remember that he also negotiated the Treaty with France, we must consider that he is what the late Mr. Rhodes would have called a valuable asset to the Government. There are indeed two Lord Lansdownes. There is Lord Lansdowne the Retaliator, the Big Revolver Man, producing in the House of Lords a neat little bundle of fly-blown fallacies, which many boys in the first hundred at Eton could refute without difficulty before breakfast. There is also the accomplished diplomatist, watching with a keen eye for every opportunity to combine the protection of British interests with the maintenance of peace. This combination is the real value of the new Alliance, and to Lord Lansdowne belongs the honor of making it before Japan had become one of the great powers of the world. *Entre les aveugles le borgne est roi.* It is not among his own colleagues that Lord Lansdowne has any reason to fear competition.

But in tracing the connection of England and Japan we must go a little further back. It was the late Lord Elgin who made the first treaty with Japan in the year 1858, when the feudal system still prevailed there. That was a commercial arrangement only, though it had important consequences, for it introduced Japan to the civilization of the West. When Lord Rosebery was at the Foreign Office in 1894, he took an equally significant step of a different kind by abolishing the capitulations, and recognizing the jurisdiction of the Japanese courts over British subjects in return for freedom of travel and trade. After the war with China Lord Rosebery, being then Prime Minister, took a still more decisive course. He refused to join the combination of European Powers which under Russia's influence prevented Japan from acquiring Korea as the result of her victories over China. From that time Japan has regarded England as her friend, and therefore both parties, if that matters, are entitled to claim a share in securing her friendship. Lord Lansdowne, however, is the real author of the policy which rests upon Anglo-Japanese co-operation in the East, and if the Government went out of office to-morrow, he at least would have no cause for repentance. It is not likely that his colleagues, always excepting the Prime Minister, had much to do with the business. There are Liberals who would not be at all sorry to see Lord Lansdowne remain at the Foreign Office, whatever the result of the next General Election, if only he were a Free Trader. One need not be a Nipponomaniac, one need not exclaim "Almost thou persuadest me to be a heathen" at the sight of a Japanese Plenipotentiary in a picture paper, to feel the importance of this new understanding. Seldom, perhaps never, in the history of the world, has any

power displayed so suddenly and unexpectedly such singular aptitude for diplomacy and for war. The war speaks for itself. The Russian army is demoralized, and the Russian navy is gone. The diplomatic victory may seem to be with Russia. But that is a delusion. Inasmuch as popular rejoicings over the peace are forbidden in Russia, there is at least some color for the theory that Nicholas the Second, a very inferior edition of Nicholas the First, desired a continuance of the war. God forgive him if he did. The horrors of modern warfare are only weakened by rhetorical descriptions. Mr. Maurice Baring's *With the Russians in Manchuria* is more effective in its severe restraint than any amount of agonizing detail. Three or four pages of it, the only pages which deal with the subject, are enough to show the immensity of torture which peace has spared.

The sole credit for peace belongs to the Japanese Government, who proved themselves as wise and prudent as they were generous and humane. To fight for money until there was no money left to fight for would have injured both Powers, and involved enormous cost. As it is, Japan has raised herself to a position which a couple of years ago would have appeared the wildest of dreams. Half a convict island, even though it be the less icy half, may not seem very magnificent. But there is Port Arthur; there is Dalny; there is Korea. The Russians are to clear, bag and baggage, out of Manchuria, and Japan has taken her place as the paramount Power in China. If Charles Pearson were alive, he would have a good deal to say about the Yellow Peril. Lord Lansdowne has taken the more practical course of recognizing accomplished facts, and even anticipating them. That the alliance was the cause of the peace is too broad a statement to be accurate.

Lord Lansdowne would not have made one a condition of the other. Yet, when so much is put down to the President of the United States, Englishmen may be pardoned for reflecting that nations are more apt to consult their allies than mere strangers. If the President brought the belligerents together, it may well be that the British Government prevented the renewal of the war. An alliance on equal terms with the first naval Power in the world is, even in the flush of victory, a considerable achievement for Japan. The treaty of 1902 was limited and specific in scope. The treaty of 1905 is much wider and more comprehensive. Just half a century ago the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston decided to continue a war with Russia for the purpose of regulating the number of Russian ships in the Black Sea. Such at least, was the ostensible reason for breaking off the Conference of Vienna. The real reason was Louis Napoleon's dread of his own troops if they came home without taking Sebastopol. Happily the Mikado had no such fears, and has set an example of magnanimity to Christian Sovereigns. His troops, by land and sea, have won victories enough and to spare. His ally, though not a party to the conflict, was able to exert a pacific influence all the stronger for being disinterested. The great French scholar, M. Victor Bérard, in his popular work, *The Russian Empire and the Czardom*, makes a peculiarly unfortunate prediction. "The war over," he says, "Manchuria recovered or lost, the Dalai-Lama under the hand of the Czar will be the best instrument of the Russo-Japanese alliance, or of the Russian revenge, of which one can foretell, without being a great prophet, that England will pay the cost." Prophets, great or small, are apt to go wrong, but they seldom go quite so wrong as that. The expedition to Thibet might be compared, for the

practical advantages which have accrued from it, with the good old Duke of York's march of ten thousand men up the hill and down again. But the alliance of Japan is with England, not with Russia, and it is Russia who has to pay the bill. That the consequence predicted by M. Bérard might have followed if there had been no treaty with England is likely enough. That is just one of the contingencies against which statesmen guard, and Lord Lansdowne has guarded. Alliances, like hypotheses, are not to be multiplied. Other things being equal, perfect freedom of action is a good thing in itself. But England has never been able to ignore the position of Russia in the East. A Russian invasion of Afghanistan, for instance, has for the last thirty years been recognized by both parties in England as necessitating immediate war. It was the intrusion of Russia in China, and her evident determination to remain there, which led to the war just concluded. Common hostility to Russia is an insufficient and undesirable ground of agreement. As Mr. Pitt said, to regard one country as the natural enemy of another is weak and childish. But, since there are now three great Eastern Powers, the joint action of two is the best security for peace in the absence of complete harmony among the three. That is not an unapproachable ideal. The most Liberal newspaper in Russia justifies Lord Lansdowne by lamenting that its country has lost the chance taken by England. It may well be that the British alliance with Japan would, under quite conceivable conditions, have renewed and strengthened the understanding between France and Russia in a manner not altogether agreeable to ourselves. But here, again, Lord Lansdowne has provided against untoward events by the Anglo-French Agreement. Not for many years has

the Foreign Office been guided on a consistent and intelligible plan. Lord Salisbury was an excellent Foreign Minister in his day; but after 1895 his hold upon affairs seemed to relax, and his ignorance of South Africa after the Raid was lamentable. The cardinal point in Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, which dates from the Congress of Berlin in 1878, was agreement with the Central Powers, as they are called, Germany and Austria-Hungary. Their union, which afterwards became the Triple Alliance, including Italy, was to him "glad tidings of great joy." "The Austrian sentinel is on the ramparts," he said in 1885, when Serbia and Bulgaria were at war. A few years later his object had become Germany alone, and Heligoland was given her in consideration of the German Protectorate over Zanzibar. Those were the days when "spheres of influence" were established throughout Africa, and France was sarcastically congratulated upon having secured in such large quantities the "light soil" of the Sahara. Germanism was at its height when the South African war broke out, and may be said to have culminated in Mr. Chamberlain's famous speech at Leicester six years ago, when he denounced France, inviting her to "mend her manners," and declared, after an interview with the German Emperor, that we could have no quarrel with our German friends. Even Mr. Chamberlain, though in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, would hardly say that now. Statesmen are not to be condemned for changing with the times, and Lord Lansdowne's policy is entirely different from Lord Salisbury's. France is at present the best friend, with the possible exception of Italy, that England has in Europe, and by Lord Lansdowne's skilful management all differences of opinion with our nearest neighbor have been re-

moved. It is possible, and may be argued, that the treaty of 1902 with Japan procured the neutrality of the French Republic in the recent war; for although the understanding between France and Russia had by that time been considerably weakened, it was not, and perhaps is not yet, quite at an end. On the other hand, the relations between France and Germany, never really cordial since 1870, have been ominously strained by German interference with Morocco. That restless potentate, William the Second, annoyed by the neglect of France to communicate with him on the subject of her agreement with England, chose the French Protectorate of Morocco on which to pick a quarrel, through Count Bülow, with M. Delcassé. M. Delcassé's refusal of the proposed Conference was not supported by his colleagues, and that most able Minister resigned. M. Rouvier, Premier with the foreign portfolio, has consented to the German proposal without thereby smoothing a difficult situation. In the Conference France is sure of British support as a return for her handsome conduct about Egypt and Newfoundland. One result of the war, however, must not be forgotten. A decline in the strength of Russia involves, if other things are equal, a corresponding addition to the strength of Germany. One need not regard the treaty with France as directed against the German or any other Power. The pacific influence of the King has helped his Ministers through all their international arrangements. But the foresight which provided against a substitution of German for Russian preponderance on the Continent cannot be too highly praised.

The alliance with Japan would have lasted without renewal till the beginning of 1907, and could not then have been terminated by either party without twelve months' notice to the other.

The Government had good reason to believe that their successors, even if Liberal, would renew the treaty. Yet all the evidence shows that Lord Lansdowne was wise to take time by the forelock. The peace has, not unnaturally, been ill received in Japan, where people expected better terms than they have got, and this new treaty with England, signed as it was before peace had been concluded, must tell on the Mikado's side.

A renewal of fighting on any pretext would be the greatest misfortune for the world, and especially for British commerce. The presence of Russia in China was unfavorable to foreign trade, the Russian tariff being viciously Protective, much like the tariff of the United Kingdom eighty years ago. The Japanese have studied political economy, as well as most other things, and though the "open door" is a cant phrase which may mean much or little, Japan is enlightened enough to encourage the trade of other countries as well as her own with China. That the prosperity of one nation must be injurious to others is a fallacy which may be held at Birmingham, but does not pass muster at Tokio or Yokohama. The general unrest and disturbance of Russia, though good, in the shape of more liberty, may come out of them, are serious evils in themselves. It is not the least of the blessings this peace confers that the Czar and his advisers will have leisure to deal with disorder at home in some more intelligent way than mere repression. The blind hatred of Russia expressed in a few English newspapers does not represent public opinion. However uncongenial despotism may be to the English people, they can understand that Russia has traditions, political and religious, which unfit her for manhood suffrage and equal electoral districts. Protestants can respect, if they do not understand, the feelings of Catholics

for the Pope, and the Emperor of "Holy Russia" is a spiritual as well as a temporal chief. Count Tolstol, in those eloquent, imaginative, strangely moving letters which look like messages from another world in the columns of the *Times*, gives no hope for Russia, or for any other country, except the destruction of all public authority and all private property whatever. M. Witte, though not a man of genius, is a more practical person; and if he can regain the confidence of the Czar some solid reforms may ensue. It is not desirable that the Russian Empire should become a derelict Power, or that people should go about asking what the Russian Government means. Nothing can be more foolish than for Englishmen to exult over the troubles of Russia. There are Russian armies in Turkestan, and if they got out of hand there might be serious trouble. The highest military authorities in India believed last winter that the conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan would be a critical moment for the north-west frontier. That is a consideration which may well have been in Lord Lansdowne's mind, and in Mr. Balfour's, when the Japanese Alliance was renewed. The Prime Minister is an amateur strategist, as well as an amateur economist, and he told the House of Commons that he regarded this spot as the vulnerable point of the British Empire. Afghanistan is, of course, the buffer. But the Indian Government is understood not to have the same confidence in the present Amir as it had in Abdur Rahman. Perhaps the fault is not altogether with the Amir. The Afghans are an isolated people, very jealous of their independence. Lord Dufferin, after his historic consultation with Abdur Rahman in 1885, agreed to supply him with arms and money, and to protect him against invasion, which could of

course only be Russian, if he submitted his foreign policy to British control. Lord Dufferin never contemplated, any more than Lord Ripon before him, the slightest interference between the Amir and his subjects, or with the disposition he chose to make of his own defensive forces. Lord Curzon was not equally punctilious, and it is said that his inspection of Afghan fortifications provoked native jealousy, if not alarm.

There are also different reasons why the situation should be very carefully considered just now. The second part of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty has not been quite so prosperous as the first. Nothing could well have been more mischievous than the full publication, for which the Secretary of State is responsible, of the sharp and vehement controversy between the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief. The partition of Bengal, whether expedient in itself or not, has excited a good deal of discontent among the vocal class of Europeanized Bengalis. These, however, are comparative trifles. The striking and repeated successes of Japan over Russia, of a wholly Eastern over a partly Western Power, must have an effect upon the native races of India. On the one hand, Russia is the traditional rival of England in the East. But, on the other, it had become an article of belief that in the long run, if there were an appeal to force, the East must give way to the West. It is peculiarly fortunate that in such circumstances the paramount Power should appear as the open and declared ally of the victorious Japanese. Even the British Army, if we may trust Lord Roberts, shows signs of succumbing to the successive reforms of Mr. St. John Brodrick and Mr. Arnold-Forster, *magis parium quam similitum*. Recruiting for the long service, which an Indian army requires, has not been encouraged by

the schemes and efforts of the Minister who regards his political opponents as the enemies of England. When Lord Rosebery was in office, he set himself, with excellent reason, to promote a friendly understanding with Russia. But since those days Japan has become a new factor in the Eastern problem, and it is Lord Lansdowne's sovereign merit to have taken prompt advantage of it for the benefit of his own country. No Foreign Secretary has ever more carefully abstained from the use of irritating language, and from the aggressive, inconsiderate behavior which goes by the name of jingoism. Instead of talking, he has acted. To lead the House of Lords is perhaps not quite in his line, except so far as suavity of demeanor constitutes leadership. But in the Foreign Office, which is a more important place, he has earned the gratitude of the whole country. Lord Salisbury was as prudent there as he was reckless everywhere else. Prudence, however, is not the whole duty of Foreign Secretaries. It is also essential that they should look ahead, and not be taken by surprise, as Lord Granville was in 1870, and Lord Salisbury in 1899. The key of India, said Lord Beaconsfield, is not in Kandahar, nor in Herat, but in London. He meant that the British Cabinet must always be primarily responsible for the defence of the north-west frontier. Lord Lansdowne has been Governor-General of India himself, and understands the necessities of the case. So many silly people have raised the Russian scare without reason or knowledge that it has come to be treated as a mere bogey. But the death of Abdur Rahman did really change the situation for the worse, and involve a fresh review of it. He was a strong and an unscrupulous chieftain, who kept faith with the Indian Government, and made himself obeyed by his subjects without the slightest hesitation in

the means he employed. His successor is not equally strong on the throne, and the hand of this Amir may at any time be forced by rebellion. It is therefore necessary that India should be in the last resort defensible as though Afghanistan did not exist, and Russia were continuous with the dominions of the British Crown.

The unfortunate riots at Tokio have occurred at an inconvenient time. Serious and destructive as the revolution in the Caucasus has been, and is, nothing which happens in Russia can now excite surprise. But Japan has behaved since the commencement of the war in so exemplary a manner that the demolition of Christian churches in the capital comes as a shock. Christianity is the religion of England, as well as of Russia, and the Japanese have seldom disgraced themselves, as the Russian Government often has, by religious persecution. The gravest objection to the terms of peace from the Japanese point of view is that they provide no security against a renewal of the war. It is therefore much to be regretted that the articles of the new treaty with England could not have been immediately and officially published. For one of their most valuable qualities is the guarantee they furnish for the maintenance of the present position. It was Russian interference with China which provoked the Japanese ultimatum, and to prevent a repetition of the horrors which ensued should be the highest object of diplomacy. Great Britain and Japan, acting together, can ensure that end as no other Powers could. If the position of Christians in Japan were really threatened, the alliance would be strained, and for that reason, if for no other, the Government of the Mikado may be trusted to guard against such a catastrophe. Critics of the original treaty were in the habit of asking what it did for this country. The ad-

vantages derived from it by Japan, they said, were obvious. But a treaty should be mutual, and where did we come in? One answer, of course, is that, as things have turned out, we have gained the friendship of the rising Power in the East. But the new treaty is a better answer still. That which was limited has become general, and a pacific alliance has secured to the passive ally some share in the fruits of victory. It is not difficult to understand the feelings of the discontented Japanese. Their army and their navy have been the admiration of the world. Their achievements by land and sea are unsurpassed. As the result of all this heroism, with its accompanying loss of life, they see the defeated adversary almost dictating her own terms. They will not even be indemnified for any part of the taxation which the expenses of the war entail. The best answer to their natural complaints is that they have a solid safeguard against a recurrence of the struggle in the support of a navy superior even to their own. Help, in the ordinary sense, they do not want. They can give a good account of their enemies. Although their national resources have been strained, and their losses have been heavy, yet in Manchuria alone they have gained ample opportunities for developing their energies by material enterprise. The case of Russia is very different. That vast, muddy, turbulent sea called the Russian Empire is stirred to its depths. Its waters cast up mire and dirt. Whether the Czar falls into good hands and grants a reasonable amount of reform, or falls into bad hands and refuses it, no one can depend for years to come upon the stability of the Russian Government. It is therefore the more essential that England, as an Eastern Power, should have an ally upon whom she can reckon in all emergencies. Trouble with Russia has seldom come from de-

liberate policy on her part. The source of the mischief has usually been the independent and unauthorized act of some Russian commander in Central Asia. If these things happened, as they did, when the controlling power at Petersburg was comparatively strong, the danger is obviously increased by the weakening of all authority which results from the course of the war. The accounts from the Caucasus show that there is nothing to restrain revolt in the more distant provinces of the Empire, and that strength there belongs to numbers alone. The maintenance of autocracy demands an infallible and impregnable autocrat. If Holy Russia can be beaten by the infidel, what becomes of the Great White Czar? While Count Tolstol serenely speculates on the irrational character of all force, the oil-workers of Baku burn the mills and throw the manager into the fire. Worse disturbances than these can be put down so long as the army remains faithful to the Government. But how long that will be nobody can say. The unpopularity of the war had begun to make conscription almost impossible when the Conference at Portsmouth was arranged. It is possible that peace may bring contentment, and even a Conservative reaction is on the cards. But every country which has an interest in Eastern affairs is bound in prudence to act on the assumption that anything may happen in Russia.

The Emperor of Russia is able to boast that he refused to pay an indemnity, and that no indemnity has been paid. Even the half of Sakhalin which he surrenders has been claimed by Japan for the last fifty years. Japan's real gains are in Korea and Manchuria. The Manchurian railway is worth a good many Sakhalians, and not the least satisfactory consequence of the peace is the encouragement it will give to trade. It cannot be said that

England only cultivated the friendship of Japan after Japan had become the rising Power of the East. Not only Lord Lansdowne in 1902, but Lord Rosebery in 1894, showed the Mikado's Government a sympathy and goodwill which had a solid as well as a sentimental value. It was time that Great Britain should receive on her part some advantage from the mutual understanding. The war with China, not the war with Russia, was the decisive moment, and this new alliance would have been quite impossible if England had joined the great Powers of the Continent in putting pressure upon Japan ten years ago. The attempt to prop up China failed, and the rising of the Boxers followed. Japan then acted with Europe, thus falsifying the theory of the Yellow Peril. She has since prevented Russia from taking to herself the spoils of the Chinese Empire as that structure fell to pieces. A less vigilant diplomacy than Lord Lansdowne's might have allowed a Russo-Japanese alliance to be substituted for the Anglo-Japanese one, and in that case the Indian frontier might again have become a subject of anxious concern. A country which bad government has reduced to civil war, and which has suffered ruinous defeats both by land and by sea, may not seem particularly formidable. But revolution may lead to military dictatorship, and a military dictatorship must fight or perish. The spreading anarchy of the Russian Empire is a misfortune to the world, and nothing can be more foolish than to rejoice in it. Wisdom, however, perceives the necessity of taking precautions against the forces which anarchy lets loose. Who, where, and what is the Russian Government at the present time? It may be the will of the Czar at Peterhof. It may be some ambitious general, whose troops would follow him whither he chose to lead. It may prove to reside

in the new representative authority contemplated by Count Lamsdorf. It may be (stranger things have happened) Father Gapon. Japan, in spite of riots at Tokio, is under settled administration, and subject to the law. The discipline, even more than the valor, of the Japanese troops accounts for the series of victories which they won in eighteen months, without a miscalculation or a check. Patriotism and religion have been so often at variance that a country whose religion is patriotism has an obvious advantage. The great example set by the Mikado and his advisers in concluding peace on comparatively unfavorable terms rather than fight for money or prestige enhances the value of Japan as an ally. "England," said Joseph Cowen thirty years ago, "has no earth-hunger, no longing for land." The subsequent course of history has not altogether supported that view. But it is certain that this alliance has no aggressive or offensive object. Even Tibet was not annexed to British India when a British force was at Lhasa.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

It was Russia, not Japan, who intervened in Manchuria. British and Japanese policy in the East is defensive and pacific. It is to resist encroachments, not to make them. The old Liberal objection to European alliances was that they involved entanglement in European politics, and sacrificed British interests to designs with which the people of these islands had no concern. That the safety of India is a British interest nobody can deny. There is, of course, no danger of Japan taking Russia's place as a centre of Asiatic disturbance. But as a rival Power to Russia, and a triumphant rival, she becomes a force in Asiatic politics which cannot be ignored. An alliance between Japan and Russia would have been a source of anxiety to the Indian Government. The treaty which Lord Lansdowne has concluded is therefore the more valuable as a guarantee. England and France in Europe, England and Japan in Asia, are a combination which ought to ensure peace.

Herbert Paul.

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF TRAFALGAR.

A CENTENARY STUDY.

Trafalgar is the most picturesque, as well as the most famous, sea-fight in all history, but in some senses it is also the most puzzling. It is, indeed, an example of the irony of history that a hundred years after it was fought the experts cannot agree as to its plan. It is intelligible, perhaps, that the fore-castle Jacks, the men who toiled at the guns amid the strangling smoke of the actual fight, were unconscious of the great game of chess which, with the tossing sea as his board, with ships and guns as castles and knights, and men as pawns, Nelson was playing. But the officers in many cases seem to have known as little of Nelson's plan

as the men. The experts are still in doubt as to whether Nelson did, or did not, conduct the battle on the plan of his famous Memorandum; but the very officers to whom that Memorandum was addressed, and who discussed it with Nelson himself, apparently forgot its existence when the moment for actual fighting came!

"We went down in no order," says Lieutenant Benjamin Clements of the *Tonnant*, "but every man to take his bird." This may be called the main-deck view of the battle. But officers higher in rank and intelligence than Lieutenant Benjamin Clements took exactly his view of the fight. Says Cod-

ington, who had the coolest brains in the fleet and who took the *Orion* into the fight with unsurpassed skill, "We all scrambled into battle as soon as we could." A contemporary Spanish account describes the ships as "coming down like mad Englishmen in confusion and disorder." That the fighting was confused is certain. Nelson, indeed, deliberately aimed at that confusion. He would break up his enemy's battle line into mere chaos, and so, for the allied fleets, make leadership or control impossible. Discussing his plan three weeks before Trafalgar with another great seaman, Keats, he said, "It will surprise and confuse the enemy. They won't know what I am about. It will bring on a pell-mell battle, and that is what I want."

A "pell-mell battle"! That, to the eye of the spectator—and even to the mind of the actual actors—is the aspect Trafalgar wore. And yet the great fight had behind it a plan subtle, daring, unexpected—a plan which only a great master, indeed, of the terrible art of war could have designed. Who thinks of Nelson as a mere fighting man with a gleam of more fiery valor than others, a captain whose fame was won by virtue of nothing better than a certain fury of fighting impulse in his blood, and a certain magnetic power of leadership over others, which made men follow him into any peril, utterly mistakes Nelson's genius. This is, indeed, to deny him the possession of any genius. If Nelson, on one side of his nature, had a forecastle Jack's impulse for "ganging doon into the middle o' it," on the other side of his intellect he had a mastery of the science of war as overwhelming as that of Napoleon himself. He was a combination of ice and fire. His intellect was ice-cool and ice-clear in planning the fight. The Japanese might well have borrowed from him his terrible gift of forecasting the minutest details in prepara-

tion for a battle. Each of his great battles took shape first in his own brain, before it took concrete form in the actual clash of fleets.

The root principle of Nelson's strategy, like that of Napoleon's, was always to secure an overwhelming superiority in force at the critical point of the battle. He held devoutly the simple-minded naval creed of that day, that "one Englishman was equal to two Frenchmen," but he always planned his fight so as to throw at least two Englishmen on one unhappy Frenchman. There is a familiar story which perfectly illustrates Nelson's strategy. He was dismissing to their commands two youthful frigate-captains, Parker and Capel, and he seized the opportunity to give them a short and easy lesson in tactics. The *Amazon* and the *Phæbe* were being despatched in search of two enterprising French frigates who were cutting up the West Indian sugar fleets. Nelson told Parker and Capel, when they fell in with the enemy, not each to single out an opponent and fight him; both should fall on one Frenchman, make short work of him, and then pursue the other. This was Nelson's characteristic method of doubling on an enemy and beating him in detail, translated into the simplest terms. But Nelson read the doubt on the features of the two youthful captains. If one Englishman was equal to two Frenchmen, why should two Englishmen waste themselves on a single enemy? If they fell in with the hostile frigates it was certain each man would "take his bird"; and Nelson added, half laughing, half vexed, "I dare say you consider yourselves a couple of fine fellows, and when you get away from me you will do nothing of the sort, but think yourselves wiser than I am." They would take on, in a word, a Frenchman apiece, and think any other plan ignoble.

But in all his sea-fights, Nelson, with the true genius of a great captain, contrived to throw the whole of his strength on part of the enemy's force, and thus destroy him in detail.

If the plans of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar are recalled, it will be seen how, under widely varying conditions, he yet sought and reached this end. At the Nile he found the French fleet anchored in one long, stately, and ordered line. With the swoop of a hawk through the depths of air upon a sparrow, Nelson struck at his enemy; but there was the highest art in his swoop. Half his ships rounded the head of the French line and closed in on the leading ships to starboard; the other half closed on the same ships on the opposite side, and the rear of the anchored French line had to look on while the ships in the van were destroyed in succession by an overwhelming force.

At Copenhagen the Danish ships, too, were moored in a long line, and no fatal gap made it possible for the British ships to double on them. But Nelson sought the same end as at the Nile, and with an even finer stroke of genius. His three leading ships were to pass up the enemy's line, firing as they went, till the fifth Dane was reached. The leading British ship was then to anchor by the stern and close with its immediate opponent; the two ships following were to pass ahead and engage the sixth and seventh ships in the Danish line, while the fourth and fifth British ships were to anchor astern of number one. The remainder of the column was to pass outside the engaged ships, each closing in turn on its immediate opponent as it cleared the ship ahead. The ingenuity of this plan is clear. The first three Danish ships would be destroyed by the fire of a whole fleet; while each British ship—except the one leading—would be covered in its advance till it reached its particular foe.

The tail of the Danish line, in this way, would be scorched into ruin before its head was engaged; while each British ship, as soon as it silenced its opponent, was to slip its anchor and move ahead to help its sister-ships. The Danish ships in turn would thus be overwhelmed by numbers.

A mud-bank destroyed Nelson's plan, and robbed him of one-fourth of his fleet before a shot was fired; but the plan itself was masterly.

Nelson's plan at Trafalgar, again, is an example of warlike skill directed to the same end which it would be difficult to surpass. The old plan of sea-fight was for two great fleets elaborately to manœuvre until their lines were exactly parallel; then they closed, ship engaging with ship. The process was tedious, uncertain, and ineffective. Again and again great fleets hung in sight of each other for whole days without daring to close as the lines were not equal. "No day can be long enough," said Nelson, "to arrange a couple of fleets and fight a decisive battle according to the old system." Nelson's original plan for Trafalgar was to form his fleet into three columns; with two he would strike, as with the dart of parallel boarding pikes, at chosen points in the long line of the enemy's fleet; while the third column would hang to windward, ready to be thrown into the fight at the vital point when the critical moment came. Nelson on the morning of Trafalgar simplified his method, and led down upon the enemy's line in two columns. The lee column, with Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign* at its head, struck and broke the Franco-Spanish line at the twelfth ship from the rear. The weather line, with Nelson in the *Victory* leading, made a feint towards the enemy's van, so as to cause the ships to open; then swung round a few points and drove into the line betwixt the tenth and eleventh ships. The

British attack was not in exactly parallel columns. The heads of the two lines approached each other, giving a wedge-like formation to the attack. And at the moment of impact both divisions of the British fleet abandoned the column formation, each ship pushing forward into the smoke and thunder of the battle as fast as possible, and acting on Lieutenant Clements' principle of "to every man his bird." The evidence shows abundantly how Nelson's plan surprised and confounded the enemy. The French and Spanish captains expected a line engagement; and they suddenly found the British ships breaking with the crash of twin thunderbolts through their line, and dislocating it into helplessness. Nelson's stroke, too, left one-third of the enemy's fleet, so to speak, in the air. The fleet which was weakest in numbers was actually superior in strength at the fighting point; and this represents the highest triumph of leadership.

As a matter of fact, Nelson's plan ought not to have taken his enemy by surprise. Villeneuve guessed it, and guessed it with almost prophet-like accuracy. He had not studied in vain Nelson's battle methods; and, nearly a year before, when putting out from Toulon, he issued a memorandum to his fleet in which he says: "The enemy will not confine themselves to forming a line of battle parallel to ours, and engaging us with his cannon . . . but will endeavor to turn our rear, to pass through our line, and to surround and reduce with his own such of the ships as he may succeed in cutting off." These words describe with sufficient accuracy the plan on which Nelson fought Trafalgar. And it is curious that the admiral who guessed Nelson's tactics so shrewdly provided against them so ill. He advised no counter-stroke; he planned no effective defence. Under such conditions, he told his fleet, "a captain would do better to

trust to his courage than to the signals of his Commander-in-Chief, who, himself engaged and covered with smoke, would not, perhaps, have been able to make them." Villeneuve, in a word, surrendered the office of Commander-in-Chief exactly when it was most wanted. That he guessed Nelson's plan showed insight; that he failed to provide for meeting it is a proof that he lacked the qualities of a great leader.

Nelson's strategy, of course, involved great risks. He was adopting on sea Napoleon's favorite tactics on land. He was attacking a far-extended line in column formation. Such an attack always failed against British soldiers; the far-stretching but unshakable line crushed with its wide front of fire the narrow head of the column. But Nelson knew his own ships and men. He knew, too, the quality of his enemy. He and Collingwood took in their own persons the terrific risks of this mode of attack. The *Victory* and the *Royal Sovereign* were the two spear-heads of the British attack. The wind was light, there was a heavy ground-swell, and the stately ships moved—or rather drifted majestically—at the rate of a mile and a half an hour on to the wide front of the enemy's line. On the two leading British ships the fire of nearly half the enemy's line was concentrated, and they might well have been destroyed. Had it been a British line on which French or Spanish ships were moving in the same formation, and at the same rate, the leading ships would certainly have been shattered into mere wreck. But Nelson estimated at its just value the gunnery of his enemies, and took the risk of sailing stem-on to the broadsides of a whole fleet.

But in Nelson's tactics, when forecasting genius had done its work, then he let loose his men! The daring and enterprise of the individual fighter

came into play. At Trafalgar—at the moment of impact betwixt the heads of the British columns and the curving line of the hostile fleets—the column formation was abandoned, and each ship pressed forward into the smoke and thunder of the battle as fast as possible. Codrington's phrase—"we scrambled into battle as fast as we could"—describes what took place. It was at that point that Nelson himself said to Hardy, "It doesn't signify which we run on board of. Go on board which you please, and take your choice." The business of the admiral, in a word, was ended. All that was left was the business of the fighting-men and the captains. All strategy was resolved into the signal "Engage enemy more closely," which flew from the masthead of the *Victory*, and in the injunction "No captain can do wrong who places his ship alongside that of the enemy" — Nelson's heroic *mot d'ordre*.

Discussion, however, as to the plan of Trafalgar may be left to the experts. The "man in the street" does not so much as understand the question of whether Collingwood led down on to the enemy's fleet "in line of bearing," or "in line ahead." It is the picturesque aspect of Trafalgar which interests the world to-day; and as to this there is no room for doubt. Trafalgar is the most stately, impressive, and, in a sense, artistic sea-battle the world has seen, or ever will see. For sea-warfare to-day, if it has grown more terrible, has certainly grown more prosaic. It has lost its stateliness, its color, its air of majesty. What can be less impressive for the artistic imagination than the modern ironclad; the low black or gray hull, the three squat funnels, the naked spars that serve for masts; the bare, unsheltered deck; the rounded, inexpressive stern? A column of modern ironclads resembles nothing so much as a proces-

sion of prize-fighters stripped for the ring; short-necked, bullet-headed, blunt-nosed, with mighty biceps and calves which suggest Caliban rather than Ariel or Apollo. There is strength in them; fighting efficiency, destructive power at its highest. It is probable that a single modern battle-ship of the second class could "take on" both the fleets that fought at Trafalgar, and—given sufficient sea-room—could sink both without having her paint spoiled; without even coming within reach of their guns. But what the modern fighting ship has gained in fighting power, it has lost in impressiveness and grace of aspect. Nothing could well be more majestic than the aspect of one of the great fleets that English admirals led to fight in the last years of the eighteenth century. The tall masts, the far-spread yards, the skyward-leaping piles of canvas, the leaning deck, the castle-like hull, the long, curving lines of guns rising above each other, the figured stern—here was all the glory of majestic form and varied color! When two fleets of such ships were set in battle array by some great captain, the majesty of the scene was overwhelming. And this is the spectacle which Trafalgar offers. It is the old, picturesque, and majestic sea-fighting of the eighteenth century at its highest point. The sea has beheld no such spectacle since, nor ever will again.

Let the reader imagine himself in the early hours of October 21, 1805, looking down, say, from some safe high-soaring balloon on that great spectacle. The sky is clear, the wind is soft and light, there is a ground-swell in the sea which keeps the forest of tall masts in the slowly approaching fleets in constant movement. Ville-neuve's fleet of thirty-three gigantic ships is stretched in a crescent-like curve running, roughly, from south to north. The line was intended to be

straight, but the faint wind gives little control over the great ships. Spanish and French seamanship, moreover, is not of the highest quality, and the ground-swell explains the curving, half-moon-like shape of the enemy's fleet. The curve in the centre is two—in some places even three—deep. This does not happen by plan. Chance and the wind have, as a matter of fact, done better for the enemy than their own seamanship. This double—and in places even treble—formation of the very points in the line at which Nelson was about to make his stroke, was more formidable than anything that Villeneuve had planned. Nelson himself, looking at the formation with an odd relish of artistic approval, said to Blackwood, "They put a good face upon it."

Into that wide and threatening curve the British are sailing in two columns, and on a course about due east. One majestic ship leads the weather line. It is the *Victory*, flying Nelson's flag. At a distance of, say, three-quarters of a mile is the lee line, with Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign* at its head. It is scarcely accurate to call the two British divisions "columns," for already the column formation has been lost. The moment for fighting has come, and each ship is pushing into the fight at its fastest speed; each captain is looking round for the biggest "bird" in sight. So the tail of each column widens into a cluster of ships striving to outsail each other. But a single proud and stately ship still leads each line. The *Victory* is perhaps the fastest three-decker flying the English flag. The *Royal Sovereign* is new-coppered and clean. No ship in either column can outsail these, and the great three-deckers keep their perilous lead.

The wind is faint, and the approach of the British ships is slow, stately, fate-like. The great hulls are drifting rather than sailing. Their pace is

slower than a man's walk, or not more than a mile and a half an hour. Imagine a man walking, at one-half his natural pace, on to a long front of levelled muskets, and up to the actual touch of the red flame from their muzzles! This is practically what Nelson in the *Victory* and Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign* are doing. But the contrast in the aspect of the two fleets at this moment is striking. The curved and double line of the allies has all the impressiveness which belongs to great size and glowing colors. The ships are gigantic; but what may be called their color-scheme is oddly varied. Some ships are a funereal and unrelieved black; some are black, with bands of blood-like red. Ship for ship they are certainly bigger than the English; when, later, for example, the *Royal Sovereign* lay alongside the *Santa Anna*, the Spaniard towered above her like a castle. Here, in the centre of the enemy's line, looms the *Santissima Trinidad*, the biggest ship at that moment that the sea carries. Its hull is a gleaming structure of red and white, its huge bows lift high in air a vast and threatening figure-head in white.

The British ships, on the other hand, are painted uniformly in black, with bands of yellow; their topmasts are not yet struck, their studding-sails are stretched widely out beyond the hulls that carry them, so they have not the stripped and fighting air that a British fleet going to battle usually has. They must catch every pulse of soft wind to carry them down on to the enemy's line, and every inch of canvas is shown. But all the more from these very circumstances their approach has an air of majesty indescribable. Codrington and Villeneuve from opposite sides have described the aspect the British fleet wore. "I suppose," says Codrington, "no men ever saw such a sight as we did, for I called all my

lieutenants up to see it." Villeneuve told Blackwood that he "never saw anything like the irresistible line of the British ships. That of the *Victory* supported by the *Neptune* and *Téméraire* was what he could not have formed any judgment of."

But there is a great captain's brain behind that slow, impassive, resistless advance of the two British lines on the enemy's wide front. The risks of the movement to the approaching lines of ships, it is true, seem overwhelming. The thirty-three great battle-ships of the enemy, with their swarm of gallant crews and forest of masts, carry more than three thousand guns. They are, in effect, a curve of floating batteries nearly four miles long; and the ships, drifting stem-on upon that wide front of fire, have no defensive armor. They are nothing better than wooden boxes. A main-deck gun will send its iron ball through any one of them from stem to stern. The *Victory*, for example, carries 1000 men between its low, dark decks, and there is nothing but an oak plank betwixt them and the fire of some twelve great battle-ships, within easy hitting reach.

But the fleets are closing on each other, the heads of the British lines are almost within gun-shot. It is a little after twelve o'clock, when a French ship, the *Fougueux*, fires a single gun. There is a pulse of white smoke, with a red tongue of flame at its heart, and a wave of deep sound rolls far-heard over the sea. It is the opening note of the stormy symphony of battle! And it is as though the red darting point of flame from that single gun had pricked some nerve cord in both fleets. There are tiny black balls racing at the same moment to the masts of every ship. They break into a flutter of vivid color. The white flag, or St. George's ensign, flies from every English topmast, while, in addition, the Union Jack flutters from the main-

topmast-stay, and another from the foretop-gallant-stay of each ship. The *Victory's* maintopmast carries Nelson's standing battle-signal, "Engage the enemy more closely." The combined fleets, too, have hoisted all their flags, while to the spanker-boom of each Spanish ship climbs a huge wooden cross. The sudden flush of color—the flame of white and blue and red—which runs down each British column, and spreads from end to end of the curved line of the opposing fleet, makes a gallant show. It is a challenge! To keep these bits of silk and cotton flying, or to pull them down from the topmast of their enemy's ships, how many brave men will die to-day!

Now that section of the enemy's line upon which the *Royal Sovereign* is moving breaks into fire. The guns of that period had no great range. They could not, like the gun-fire of the Japanese in the battle of the Sea of Japan, smite their enemy across five miles of space. The guns with which Trafalgar was fought had not a range of more than 1000 yards, but within that distance they could hit hard. And the *Royal Sovereign*, as she moves into range, is scourged with flying iron. Her sails are torn, her rigging cut, her decks are strewn with killed and wounded. But her spars still stand. She takes her punishment coolly and gallantly, makes no answer, but holds steadfastly on her course. Collingwood, with a good commander's care for his men, has ordered them to lie down. Throughout the great vessel is the disciplined order of a battle-ship at quarters; but behind each gun its crew lies prostrate. Along the dimly lit decks the only standing figures are those of the officers.

Presently a single gun from the bows of the *Royal Sovereign* is fired, but this is only intended to supply a screen of smoke for the ship, and so spoil the enemy's mark. Onward she comes in

silence, sore hit by the fire poured upon her, but making no reply. Suddenly she cuts her studding-sails adrift, and they fall, a cloud of white canvas, into the sea. It has the oddest suggestion of a man throwing off his coat! She is stripping for the fight, stripping as with a gesture, and each British ship, as it moves into the battle, follows her example. It is no moment for saving canvas. The great ship drifts now into the smoke, but her tall masts still make her track visible.

The ships that have been firing on her are within stroke of her guns, but still the *Royal Sovereign* makes no sign. How stern and cool must be the discipline which keeps those lines of guns silent! Collingwood's mark is plainly the great *Santa Anna*, the biggest ship in that part of the line. But the ship astern of her has closed up, so as to fill the narrow gap for which the *Royal Sovereign* is aiming. Still the British ship comes on with an uncomfortable air of purpose. Collingwood has told his captain to steer dead for the Frenchman's bowsprit and carry it away. He must make a passage if he cannot find one. The Frenchman, however, shrinks from the shock; she backs her main topsail, goes slowly astern, and the great hull of the British ship finds room. She swings with slow and stately movement under the stern of the great Spanish three-decker, and, as she swings, a line of darting points of flame break from her side. They seem to scorch with their fire the high, gilded stern of the Spaniard, for the ships are almost touching. The sound of that broadside rolls over the sea with a deeper note than any yet heard. That one, cruel, overwhelming broadside has practically destroyed the great Spaniard. It dismantles fourteen of her guns and strikes down nearly half of her crew. The proudest ship in the Spanish line

is a wreck! A single stroke has tumbled her into ruin!

But the British have no monopoly of hard hitting; there are brave men behind the French guns, and as the *Royal Sovereign* swings slowly round alongside the *Fougueux* that ship discharges a furious broadside. As it smites the *Royal Sovereign* the great ship seems to heel over from the stroke, the tall masts swinging in a visible arc. But the other British ships are moving into the fight, ships with names more famous than any to be found in the catalogue of the ships in the *Iliad*—the *Belleisle*, the *Revenge*, the *Polyphemus*, the *Mars*, the *Tonnant*, the *Bellerophon*. They drift, tall and stately shapes, through the smoke, the silence of disciplined order lying on all their decks. It is a column of giants moving slowly to battle. But as each ship closes with its chosen opponent the deep voices of new broadsides roll out. The tumult of the battle deepens. In that vortex of eddying smoke, and red, darting flames, French and Spanish and British are striving manfully for victory.

But let the fortunes of the other column, with the proud figure of the *Victory* leading, be followed for a moment. As she comes on, a French ship—it is the *Bucentaure*, Villeneuve's flagship—fires a single gun. It is a cool, deliberate shot, aimed at the broad mark offered by the British three-decker with her widespread studding-sails. Three minutes later comes a second shot, then a third. Two other ships fire single shots in the same fashion at their oncoming enemy. The shots are mere tests of distance, and the coolness and deliberation with which they are fired shows that there is discipline on the enemy's decks. They do not intend to waste their broadsides!

At last a shot strikes the full curve of the *Victory's* topsail and rends it. A couple of minutes' silence follows; but

the French know that their foe is within range. That gap in the English topsail is a signal read by thousands of eyes; and suddenly, as if by word of command, all the ships whose guns bear on the *Victory* break into a tempest of fire. Never before, perhaps, has so much flying iron been poured at once on a single ship! Her sails are torn, her topmast is shot away, her wheel is knocked to atoms; a single double-headed shot slays eight marines on the poop. The *Victory's* upper deck is strewn with fallen bodies; the air is full of flying splinters; some fifty officers and men are killed or wounded. Yet the *Victory* does not fire a shot! The English flagship has no need to cut away her studding-sails; the enemy's shot renders that service. All the sails on the foremast hang in rags; for the enemy are aiming principally at the *Victory's* masts. Still the cruelly torn ship comes slowly on. A dreadful silence lies on all her decks. Nothing stops her. She moves into the battle like an inevitable fate.

Her stem at last is thrust into the dense line of the enemy; she swings so as to pass under the stern of the *Bucentaure*. A big French ship is moving up as if to close the gap; but still the *Victory* comes on. Then the Frenchman ranging up to close the interval gives way, so that the *Victory* finds a narrow gap into which she thrusts herself. She is rounding to under the tall stern of the *Bucentaure*; it is the ship which, though Nelson knows it not, carries Villeneuve, and the two admirals are at fingers' touch. The high, carved stern of the *Bucentaure* towers above the decks of the *Victory*, and the ships are so near that the French ensign trailing from the *Bucentaure's* peak, if a puff of wind had lifted it, might have been grasped from the *Victory's* poop. Then, as the British ship moves slowly past, her

guns speak! There are fifty of them, and each bending gunner could almost have touched with his linstock the gilded carving of the enemy's ship. The long, deep, rending sound of that broadside as it smites the great Frenchman tells the mischief it has wrought. Never, perhaps, was a single broadside so destructive! It dismantles twenty guns, and slays or wounds more than four hundred men. The French admiral is smitten out of the fight with a single blow; the great *Bucentaure* is a wreck.

A British ship with an immortal name, the "*Fighting Téméraire*," follows, and close on her come the *Nep-tune*, the *Britannia*, the *Leviathan*. As they add themselves to the *mêlée* how the sound of the fight deepens! Above the continent of smoke the heads of the tall masts can be seen, but more than one suddenly, as if smitten by a thunderbolt, is snapped short and vanishes. The whole crowded mass of contending ships around the *Victory* is one flaming ridge of battle, a grinding tangle of masts and yards and hulls, while through the mass run every instant pulses of flame and sound and smoke. The guns are doing their fiercest work.

Presently, as the spectator watches, the aspect of the battle changes. The long, curving line of the allied fleet is rent; but not yet, it is curious to note, at the point of actual fighting. The British ships have broken into the line, or through it; but they have not, at the point where the fighting rages, rent it asunder. Behind the heads of the two British columns, indeed, the enemy's ships are thickest. Frenchman and Spaniard have crowded together at this point as if for mutual protection, or by some gallant impulse closing to meet the terrible thrust of the British columns. But the allied line is smitten at two points, separated from each other by nearly three-quar-

ters of a mile; and the contraction of the enemy's line at these two points of attack dislocates it. The centre and rear are gathered in two confused clusters at the points where Collingwood and Nelson have broken in, and a gap nearly three-quarters of a mile wide is torn in the very centre of Villeneuve's line. And the van meanwhile has sailed, or drifted, on its course. It is "in the air"; the enemy's line is broken into three. The fight is no longer a contest betwixt line and columns. There are two tangled distracted clusters of mighty ships wrapped in smoke; but Nelson with the whole of his force has fallen upon two-thirds of the enemy's ships and is destroying them.

The spectator can still watch the ruin and havoc wrought by the fierce moments. A great fleet is crumbling into ruin. Hidden beneath that pall of smoke what tragedies are taking place; what heights of self-forgetting courage are reached! The world will see other sea-fights, but never one like this, so close, so swift, and with so much in it of the personal element. And what may be called the pace of the battle—the swiftness with which incident follows incident—is almost without parallel in the history of war. The first gun was fired at 12.15; at 12.22—or only seven minutes after the French guns opened on him—Collingwood with the British ships nearest to him was through the enemy's line. Only one brief minute later—or at 12.23 by the log of the *Euryalus*—Nelson is in the fight and is pouring his first dreadful broadside into the stern of Villeneuve's flag-ship; two minutes later the French and Spanish topmasts begin to fall; at 1.32—or sixty-seven minutes after the first gun was fired—Blackwood reports "the centre and rear of enemy's line to be hard pressed in action." The fate of the battle is practically settled. Already some of the en-

emy's ships have struck. The swift moments run on, and the pulses of the great fight keep time with them. The advantage is not all on one side. At 2.36, for example, or less than two hours from the moment when, a shape of majestic pride, the *Royal Sovereign* moved into the zone of the enemy's fire, she lies a mastless and helpless hulk. She has done her work; but she has paid a terrible price for it. There is at this moment a flutter of flags on the masthead of the *Victory*—for Nelson has a great captain's watchful vision—and a frigate, it is the *Euryalus*, comes down with every inch of canvas set, groping her way through the smoke, to take the battered hull of the *Royal Sovereign* in tow, so that her broadsides—the mighty ship can still fight though she cannot sail—bear upon the enemy's ships within her reach.

Many of the incidents at this stage of the fight are of thrilling interest. The *Belleisle* has fought a magnificent fight; at one time no fewer than four great ships were pouring their fire simultaneously upon her. Her masts are shot away, the wreck of the mizen-mast falling on her after-guns and throwing them out of action. A count of the enemy's ships which in turn blasted the ill-fated *Belleisle* with their fire covers nearly one-third of the allied fleets! At 2.10 she lies with the *Achille*—one of the most formidable ships in the enemy's line—on her larboard quarter, and for nearly an hour endures a raking fire without being able to reply to the tempest of shot with a single gun. At 2.30 another Frenchman, the *Neptune*, places herself across the starboard bow of the *Belleisle*, and the British ship is thus smitten by two raking fires at once. Half an hour later another British ship, the *Polyphemus*, takes off the *Neptune*, and at 3.25 the *Swiftsure*, passing astern of the long-tormented *Belleisle*, takes in

hand the *Achille*. As the *Swiftsure* with a slow, majestic movement passes under the stern of the *Belleisle* her crew break into a sudden involuntary tumult of cheers; sympathy with the gallant ship, and pride in her enduring patience taking that mode of expression. From the stump of the *Belleisle's* mizzen-mast her ensign still flutters, and above the wrecked bulwarks, as the *Swiftsure* moves slowly by, a pike is brandished with a Union Jack at its end. No wonder the men of the *Swiftsure* cheer at the sight! And while they cheer there comes back from the much-enduring *Belleisle* an answering shout—faint, indeed, for many lie dead on her decks—but yet stern and exultant.

The *Belleisle* has not fought in vain, and now that the *Achille* is being pounded satisfactorily by the *Swiftsure*, the sorely wounded British ship proceeds to gather in her reward. She has compelled her nearest foe, an 80-gun ship, to strike, and in the *Belleisle's* one remaining boat which can still float an officer and half a dozen marines pull off to take possession of the prize.

An incident of a sensational sort marks the moment when the gigantic *Santissima Trinidad* is vanquished. The huge Spaniard, with her white figure-head and lines of crimson, has a curious attraction for the British ships. One after another struggles within hitting distance of her, and smites her with broadsides. She is the biggest "bird" in the whole smoky horizon of the battle, and each captain is anxious to bag her. The little *Africa* actually sends a boat with half a dozen men to take possession of her before she has surrendered. By 2.30 the much-shot-at Spaniard is practically a wreck, with one British ship hanging on her bow and another on her quarter. The heavy ground-swell passes under the ships; and a British officer, at that moment busy directing the guns

of his division on the unhappy Spaniard, describes the spectacle. The great hull rolls heavily to leeward, and as she swings with equal slowness back to windward, all her masts go by the board. "Her royals were sheeted home but lowered, but her top-sails had every reef out, and," says the writer, "the falling of this majestic mass of spars, sails, and rigging, plunging into the water at the muzzles of our guns, was one of the most magnificent sights I ever beheld." A moment later the English flag is thrust over the lee gangway of the Spaniard; her fighting days are over. She has fired her last gun!

This is not a battle spread through days. It is compressed almost into minutes. The first shot was fired at 12.15; before three o'clock flag after flag is going down; a great fleet is crumbling into ruin. By 5.30 o'clock all is over.

The puzzle—in a sense the scandal—of Trafalgar on the side of the allies is the part played in the fight by their van. Up to 2.30 it hung off, though visibly the centre and rear of the fleet to which it belonged was being destroyed. At 1.45 the rear-admiral—Dumanoir—signalled to his chief that the van "had no enemy to contend with." And yet within sight to its rear its sister-ships were being destroyed! At 1.50 Villeneuve signalled to his van the order that "the ships which from their present position are not engaging are to take such a position as will bring them most quickly to action"; but that call from the sore-pressed admiral was very lingeringly obeyed. At 2.30—or forty minutes after the signal—the ships in the van came slowly, and in a disorderly fashion, about. The wind was light; but if it was strong enough to carry Nelson and Collingwood into the enemy's line, it ought to have had sufficient force to bring Dumanoir to the help of his chief.

There were ten great ships under his command—a force sufficient, it might be supposed, to change the whole fortune of battle. But the wind is light. They are divided in purpose. Five keep away slowly, as though to follow Admiral Gravina, who, in the unadorned prose of James, “was then to leeward of the rear in the act of making off.” Five under Dumanior himself drift slowly past the centre of the fight, firing at both the disabled British and their mastless prizes as they pass them. With a splutter of broadsides they thus drift slowly out of the fight. As they move away they give the two rearmost ships in Collingwood’s division—the *Minothaur* and the *Spartiate*—a chance. They fire heavily into Dumanior’s ships as they go slowly past, but a fine Spaniard—an 80-gun ship, the *Neptune*—is much to the rear, and on her the British ships are able to close and compel her to strike her flag.

The battle is now drawing to its close. The British fire is too fierce, sustained, and overwhelming for Frenchman and Spaniard. Masts and yards go down, bulwarks are torn to splinters, guns are dismantled; the low decks, full of straggling smoke, are strewn with the dead or dying. The allies have the advantage, as we have seen, in all the material elements of war. They count more men, more guns, more ships than their foes. But it is the energy of “the man behind the gun” in this, as in all battles, which is decisive.

At 5.20 the black landscape of the battle is suddenly lit up at its very heart by a vast flash of red flame. It is the *Achille*, one of the finest ships in the three fleets, which has been burning for half an hour and has been sorely pelted by British shot while she burned; till at last, like the *Orient* at the Nile, she blows up, with a sound that for a moment drowns all tumult

of the fight. It is the last loud note in the stormy orchestra of the battle. At 12.15, as we have seen, the first gun was heard; at 5.20 the terrific blast of the exploding *Achille* fills sea and sky. Packed into the brief space betwixt those two sounds is a drama so mighty!

One quaint record in the log of the *Euryalus* follows. At 5.25, while the sound of the exploding *Achille* had scarcely died away, “observed the *Victory*’s mizzen-mast go overboard; about which time the firing ceased, leaving the English fleet conquerors.” It was as though the sudden fall of the *Victory*’s tall mast was the sweep of some great conductor’s signal, stilling into silence the fierce orchestra which had filled sea and sky with loud music for the last five hours!

Trafalgar is an English victory, the greatest victory British seamen ever won; but at what price it was won! The *Royal Sovereign*, which led one column to the fight, has been almost destroyed. Collingwood has finished his work; of the nineteen enemy’s ships he took in hand eleven have been captured, one has been blown up, seven are in flight; but his own ship is a mastless and shot-torn hull, and Collingwood has to hoist his flag on the *Euryalus*. The *Victory* has played an almost fiercer part, and has fared more cruelly, than even the *Royal Sovereign*. In her black cockpit, with the wounded or the dead on all sides of him, Nelson is dying. His naked body is barely covered by a sheet which his restless hands continually thrust away. He is consumed with thirst; he gasps for air. “Fan, fan,” he whispers again and again. What a satire on human greatness is the spectacle of the victor in that mighty fight lying there, as the last sounds of the battle which gave him immortal fame are dying away! Then comes the memorable “Kiss me,

Hardy!" In Nelson strange opposites meet. Behind the brain that planned Trafalgar, and so won it before it was fought; behind the force of heroic will which took the British fleet into action so proudly, is the tenderness, the hunger for human sympathy, which are natural in a woman. There is no need here to tell afresh the immortal story of that dying scene which robbed England not only of her greatest seaman, but of one of the most heroic figures in her history. We may fitly borrow for Nelson Tennyson's lines for the most famous of British soldiers:

O fall'n at length that tower of
strength
Which stood four-square to all the
winds that blew!

Trafalgar, it may be added, was a French defeat; but in no other sea battle ever fought does French courage shine more brightly than on that fatal October 21. What finer record of endurance and courage is imaginable than that of the *Redoubtable*? She was only a 74-gun ship; she had the *Victory* of 100 guns on one side, and the *Téméraire* of 98 on the other. These ships, it is true, were able to devote only a part of their attack to the *Redoubtable*; but this was enough to silence, almost at a stroke, all her main-deck guns. Yet she remained unsubdued.

With the musketry from her tops she still fought Nelson's flag-ship, and so scourged the upper decks of the *Victory* that at last, with their very emptiness, they drew the *Redoubtable* into a gallant—or rather an almost incredibly audacious—attempt to carry the English flag-ship by boarding. The *Redoubtable* had a crew of 640 men, and when the fight ended five out of every six had been killed or wounded, and only thirty-five survived to be carried as prisoners to England. French historians, oddly enough, recall

with yet higher pride the performances of the *Intrépide*; the only ship, they claim, known to naval history which bore in succession the fire of five English ships bigger than herself! The *Africa*, the *Leviathan*, the *Ajax*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Orion*, all had a turn at the *Intrépide* before she struck.

Night is now gathering over the mastless, battered ships, with their sad freight of the slain, the dying, the wounded; and with the night came tempest, a furious south-easter. All that black night, while the tempest hooted above them, the great hulls rolled in the furious seas, while a hostile coast and the reefs of Trafalgar were under their lee. It is not difficult to imagine the condition of each scanty British prize crew, a handful of men, themselves exhausted by the passion and strain of a great fight, in charge of a shot-torn hulk, with masts gone and wheel destroyed, and perhaps 500 prisoners on board. Not seldom, indeed, the British Jacks got at the stores of the Spaniard or Frenchman on which they happened to be, and took refuge in mere drunkenness. Nelson's forecasting brain had provided for the risks of a storm breaking on the disabled victors and their prizes; hence his dying whisper, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." But Collingwood refused to adopt that plan, and one by one the prizes, won with so much heroism and at such a cost of blood, were abandoned. What would not England have given to have had such prizes as the *Redoubtable*, the stately *Santissima Trinidad*, the *Bucentaur* that carried Villeneuve's flag, or the *Santa Anna*, Collingwood's great prize, lying in Portsmouth! But it was not to be. One after another the prizes sank, or were abandoned and destroyed by their captors. In sight of Cadiz Blackwood himself set fire to the huge *Santissima Trinidad*. Villeneuve stood at the side of Blackwood

and watched the burning ship, with what eyes may be imagined.

What was the gain of Trafalgar to Great Britain? Of all the prizes of the battle only four reached British ports. It is a blunder, which the mere dates in the almanac refute, to say that the great fight saved England from invasion. Calder's indecisive fight of June 22 was treated in England itself as a failure, well-nigh a disgrace; but it turned Villeneuve back to Vigo, and destroyed that concentration of French fleets in the narrow waters which was to give Napoleon the "six hours' mastery of the Straits

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of Dover" which was all he asked for the invasion and overthrow of Great Britain. The camp at Boulogne was broken up, and Napoleon's veterans were moving along a hundred roads to quite other adventures than the invasion of England, long before Trafalgar was fought. But Nelson's great victory gave the English the uncontested queenship of the seas. It destroyed for a whole generation the naval power of France and Spain; and for the British race it created an heroic tradition which will survive as long as the race itself to which Nelson belonged.

W. H. Fitchett.

PETER'S MOTHER.

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER XII.

"Try my salts, dear Mary," said Miss Crewys, hastening to apply the remedies which were always to be found in her black velvet reticule.

"I blame myself," said the canon, distressfully—"I blame myself. I should have insisted on breaking the news to her gently."

Lady Mary smiled upon them all.

"On the contrary," she said, "I was offering, not a moment ago, to take Peter round and show him the improvements. We have been so much occupied with each other that he has not had time to look round him."

"I wish he may think them improvements, my love," said Lady Belstone.

Miss Crewys, joyously scenting battle, hastened to join forces with her sister.

"We are far from criticizing any changes your dear mother may have been induced to make," she said; "but as your aunt Isabella has frequently observed to me, what *can* a Londoner know of landscape gardening?"

"A Londoner?" said Peter.

"Your guardian, my boy," said the canon, nervously. "He has slightly opened out the views; that is all your good aunt is intending to say."

Peter's good aunt opened her mouth to contradict this assertion indignantly, but Lady Mary broke in with some impatience.

"I do not mean the trees. Of course the house was shut in far too closely by the trees at the back and sides. We wanted more air, more light, more freedom." She drew a long breath and flung out her hands in unconscious illustration. "But there are many very necessary changes that—that Peter will like to see," said Lady Mary, glancing almost defiantly at the pursed-up mouths and lowered eyelids of the sisters.

Peter walked suddenly into the middle of the banqueting-hall and looked round him.

"Why, what's come to the old place? It's—it's changed somehow. What

have you been doing to it?" he demanded.

"Don't you—don't you like it, Peter?" faltered Lady Mary. "The roof was not safe, you know, and had to be mended, and—and when it was all done up, the furniture and curtains looked so dirty and ugly and inappropriate. I sent them away and brought down some of the beautiful old things that belonged to your great-grandmother, and made the hall brighter and more livable."

Peter examined the new aspect of his domain with lowering brow.

"I don't like it at all," he announced, finally. "I hate changes."

The sisters breathed again. "So like his father!"

Their allegiance to Sir Timothy had been transferred to his heir.

"Your guardian approved," said Lady Mary.

She turned proudly away, but she could not keep the pain altogether out of her voice. Neither would she stoop to solicit Peter's approval before her rejoicing opponents.

"Mr. John Crewys is a very great connoisseur," said the canon. He taxed his memory for corroborative evidence, and brought out the result with honest pride. "I believe, curiously enough, that he spends most of his spare time at the British Museum."

Lady Mary's lip quivered with laughter in the midst of her very real distress and mortification.

But the argument appeared to the canon a most suitable one, and he was further encouraged by Peter's reception of it.

"If my guardian approves, I suppose it's all right," said the young man, with an effort. "My father left all that sort of thing in his hands, I understand, and no doubt he knew what he was doing. I say, where's that great vase of wax flowers that used to stand

here on the centre table under a glass shade?"

"Darling," said Lady Mary, "it jarred so with the whole scheme of decoration."

"I am taking care of that in my room, Peter," said Miss Crewys.

"And the stuffed birds, and the weasels, and the ferrets that I was so fond of when I was a little chap. You don't mean to say you've done away with those too?" cried Peter, wrathfully.

"They—they are in the gun-room," said Lady Mary. "It seemed such a—such—an appropriate place for them."

"I believe," said the canon, nervously, "that stuffing is no longer considered decorative. After all, *why* should we place dead animals in our sitting-rooms?"

He looked round with the anxious smile of the would-be peacemaker.

"They were very much worm-eaten, Peter," said Lady Mary. "But if you would like them brought back——"

Perhaps the pain in her voice penetrated even Peter's perception, for he glanced hastily towards her.

"It doesn't matter," he said magnanimously. "If you and my guardian decided they were rotten, there's an end of it. Of course I'd rather have things as they used to be; but after all this time, I expect there's bound to be a few changes."

He turned from the contemplation of the hall to face his relatives squarely, with the air of an autocrat who had decreed that the subject was at an end.

"By-the-by," said Peter, "where *is* John Crewys? They told me he was stopping here."

"He will be in directly," said Lady Mary, "and Sarah Hewel ought to be here presently too. She is coming to luncheon."

"Sarah!" said Peter. "I should like to see her again. Is she still such a rum little toad? Always getting into

scrapes, and coming to you for comfort?"

"I think," said Lady Mary, and her blue eyes twinkled—"I think you may be surprised to see little Sarah. She is grown up now."

"Of course," said Peter. "She's only a year younger than I am."

Lady Mary wondered why Peter's way of saying *of course* jarred upon her so much. He had always been brusque and abrupt; it was the family fashion. Was it because she had grown accustomed to the tactful and gentle methods of John Crewys that it seemed to have become suddenly such an intolerable fashion? Sir Timothy had quite honestly believed tactfulness to be a form of insincerity. He did not recognize it as the highest outward expression of self-control. But Lady Mary, since she had known John Crewys, knew also that it is consideration for the feelings of others which causes the wise man to order his speech carefully.

The canon shook his head when Peter stated that Miss Hewel was his junior by a twelvemonth.

"She might be ten years older," he said, in awe-struck tones. "I have always heard that women were extraordinarily adaptable, but I never realized it before. However, to be sure, she has seen a good deal more of the world than you have. More than most of us, though in such a comparatively short space of time. But she is one in a thousand for quickness."

"Seen more of the world than I have?" said Peter, astonished. "Why. I've been soldiering in South Africa for over two years."

"I don't think soldiering brings much worldly wisdom in its train. I should be rather sorry to think it did," said Lady Mary, gently. "But Sarah has been with Lady Tintern all this while."

"A very worldly woman, indeed, from all I have heard," said Miss Crewys, severely.

"But a very great lady," said Lady Mary; "who knows all the famous people, not only in England, but in Europe. The daughter of a viceroy, and the wife of a man who was not only a peer, and a great landowner, but also a distinguished ambassador. And she has taken Sarah everywhere, and the child is an acknowledged beauty in London and Paris. Lady Tintern is delighted with her, and declares she has taken the world by storm."

"We never thought her a beauty down here," said Peter, rather contemptuously.

"Perhaps we did not appreciate her sufficiently down here," said Lady Mary, smiling.

"Why, who is she after all?" cried Peter.

"A very beautiful and self-possessed young woman, and Lady Tintern's niece, 'whom not to know argues yourself unknown,'" said Lady Mary, laughing outright. "John says people were actually mobbing her picture in the Academy; he could not get near it."

"I mean," said Peter, almost sulkily. "that she's only old Colonel Hewel's daughter, whom we've known all our lives."

"Perhaps one is in danger of undervaluing people one has known all one's life," said Lady Mary, lightly.

Peter muttered something to the effect that he was sorry to hear Sarah had grown up like that; but his words were lost in the tumultuous entry of Dr. Bundell, who pealed the front door bell, and rushed into the hall, almost simultaneously.

His dark face was flushed and enthusiastic. He came straight to Peter, and held out his hand.

"A thousand welcomes, Sir Peter. Lady Mary, I congratulate you. I came up in my dog-cart as fast as possible, to let you know the people are turning out *en masse* to welcome you. They're assembling at the Crewys

Arms, and going to hurry up to the house in a regular procession, band and all."

"We're proud of our young hero, you see," said the canon; and he laid his hand affectionately on Peter's shoulder.

"You will have to say a few words to them," said Lady Mary.

"Must I?" said the hero. "Let's go out on the terrace and see what's going on. We can watch them the whole way up."

He opened the door into the south drawing-rooms; and through the open windows there floated the distant strains of the village band.

"Canon, your arm," said Lady Belstone.

Lady Mary and her son had hastened out on to the terrace.

The old ladies paused in the doorway; they were particular in such matters.

"I believe I take precedence, Georgina," said Lady Belstone, apologetically.

"I am far from disputing it, Isabella," said Miss Crewys, drawing back with great dignity. "You are the elder."

"Age does not count in these matters. I take precedence, as a married woman. Will you bring up the rear, Georgina, as my poor admiral would have said?"

Miss Crewys bestowed a parting toss of the head upon the doctor, and followed her victorious sister.

The doctor laughed silently to himself, standing in the pretty shady drawing-room; now gay with flowers, and chintz, and Dresden china.

"I wonder if she would not have been even more annoyed with my presumption if I *had* offered her my arm," he said to himself, amusedly, "than she is offended by my neglect to do so?"

He did not follow the others into the blinding sunshine of the terrace. He had had a long morning's work, and

was hot and tired. He looked at his watch.

"Past one o'clock; h'm! we are lucky if we get anything to eat before half-past two. All the servants have run out, of course. No use ringing for whiskey and seltzer. All the better. But, at least, one can rest."

The pleasantness of the room refreshed his spirit. The interior of his own house in Brawnton was not much more enticing than the exterior. The doctor had no time to devote to such matters. He sat down very willingly in a big armchair, and enjoyed a moment's quiet in the shade; glancing through the half-closed green shutters at the brilliant picture without.

The top level of the terrace garden was carpeted with pattern beds of heliotrope, and lobelia, and variegated foliage. Against the faint blue-green of the opposite hill rose the gray stone urns on the pillars of the balcony; and from the urns hung trailing ivy geraniums with pink or scarlet blossom, making splashes of color on the background of gray distance. Round the pillars wound large blue clematis, and white passion-flowers.

Lady Mary stood full in the sunshine, which lent once more the golden glory of her vanished youth to her brown hair, and the dazzle of new-fallen snow to her summer gown.

Close to her side, touching her, stood the young soldier; straight and tall, with uncovered head, towering above the little group.

The old sisters had parasols, and the canon wore his shovel hat; but the doctor wasted no time in observing their manifestations of delight and excitement.

"So my beautiful lady has got her precious boy back safe and sound, save for his right arm, and doubly precious because that is missing. God bless her a thousand times!" he thought to himself. "But her sweet face looked

more sorrowful than joyful when I came in. What had he been saying, I wonder, to make her look like that, already?"

John Crewys entered from the hall. "What's this I hear," he said, in glad tones—"the hero returned?"

"Ay," said the doctor. "Sir Timothy is forgotten, and Sir Peter reigns in his stead."

"Where is Lady Mary?"

The doctor drew him to the window. "There," he said grimly. "Why don't you go out and join her?"

"She has her son," said John, smiling.

He looked with interest at the group on the terrace; then he started back with an exclamation of horror.

"Why, good heavens——"

"Yes," said the doctor quietly, "the poor fellow has lost his right arm."

There was a sound of distant cheering, and the band could be heard faintly playing the *Conquering Hero*.

"He said nothing of it," said John.

"No; he's a plucky chap, with all his faults."

"Has he so many faults?" said John.

The doctor shook his head. "I'm mistaken if he won't turn out a chip of the old block. Though he's better-looking than his father, he's got Sir Timothy's very expression."

"He's turned out a gallant soldier, anyway," said John, cheerily. "Don't croak, Blundell; we'll make a man of him yet."

"Please God you may, for his mother's sake," said the doctor; and he returned to his armchair.

John Crewys stood by the open French window, and drank in the refreshing breeze which fluttered the muslin curtains. His calm and thoughtful face was turned away from the doctor, who knew very well why John's gaze was so intent upon the group without.

"Shall I warn him, or shall I let it alone?" thought Blundell. "I suppose

they have been waiting only for this. If that selfish cub objects, as he will—I feel very sure of that—will she be weak enough to sacrifice her happiness, or can I trust John Crewys? He looks strong enough to take care of himself, and of her."

He looked at John's decided profile, silhouetted against the curtain, and thought of Peter's narrow face. "Weak but obstinate," he muttered to himself. "Shrewd, suspicious eyes, but a re-ceeding chin. What chance would the boy have against a man? A man with strength to oppose him, and brains to outwit him. None, save for the one undoubted fact—the boy holds his mother's heart in the hollow of his careless hands."

There was a tremendous burst of cheering, no longer distant, and the band played louder.

Lady Mary came hurrying across the terrace. Weeping and agitated, and half blinded by her tears, she stumbled over the threshold of the window, and almost fell into John's arms. He drew her into the shadow of the curtain.

"John," she cried; she saw no one else. "Oh, I can't bear it! Oh, Peter, Peter, my boy, my poor boy!"

The doctor, with a swift and noiseless movement, turned the handle of the window next him, and let himself out on to the terrace.

When John looked up he was already gone. Lady Mary did not hear the slight sound.

"Oh, John," she said, "my boy's come home—but—but——"

"I know," John said, very tenderly.

"I was afraid of breaking down before them all," she whispered. "Peter was afraid I should break down, and I felt my weakness, and came away."

"To me," said John.

His heart beat strongly. He drew her more closely into his arms, deeply conscious that he held thus, for the

first time, all he loved best in the world.

"To you," said poor Lady Mary, very simply; as though aware only of the rest and support that refuge offered, and not of all of its strangeness. "Alas! it has grown so natural to come to you now."

"It will grow more natural every day," said John.

She shook her head. "There is Peter now," she said faintly. Then, looking into his face, she realized that John was not thinking of Peter.

For a moment's space Lady Mary, too, forgot Peter. She leant against the broad shoulder of the man who loved her; and felt as though all trouble, and disappointment, and doubt had slidden off her soul, and left her only the blissful certainty of happy rest.

Then she laid her hand very gently and entreatingly on his arm.

"I will not let you go," said John. "You came to me—at last—of your own accord, Mary."

She colored deeply and leant away from his arm, looking up at him in distress.

"I could not help it, John," she said, very simply and naturally. "But oh, I don't know if I can—if I ought—to come to you any more."

"What do you mean?" said John.

"I—we—have been thinking of Peter as a boy—as the boy he was when he went away," she said, in low, hurrying tones; "but he has come home a man, and, in some ways, altogether different. He never used to want me; he used to think this place dull, and long to get away from it—and from me, for that matter. But now he's—he's wounded, as you know; maimed, my poor boy, for life; and—and he's counting on me to make his home for him. We never thought of that. He says it wouldn't be home without me; and he asked my pardon for being selfish in the past; my

poor Peter! I used to fear he had such a little, cold heart; but I was all wrong, for when he was so far away he thought of me, and was sorry he hadn't loved me more. He's come home wanting to be everything to me, as I am to be everything to him. And I should have been so glad, so thankful, only two years ago. Oh, have I changed so much in two little years?"

John put her out of his arms very gently, and walked towards the window. His face was pale, but he still smiled, and his hazel eyes were bright.

"You're angry, John," said Lady Mary, very sweetly and humbly. "You've a right to be angry."

"I am not angry," he said gently. "I may be—a little—disappointed." He did not look round.

"You know I was too happy," said poor Lady Mary. She sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. "It was wicked of me to be so happy, and now I'm going to be punished for it."

John's great heart melted within him. He came swiftly back to her and knelt by her side, and kissed the little hand she gave him.

"Too happy, were you?" he said, with a tenderness that rendered his deep voice unsteady. "Because you promised to marry me when Peter came home?"

"That, and—and everything else," she whispered. "Life seemed to have widened out, and grown so beautiful. All the dull, empty hours were filled. Our music, our reading, our companionship, our long walks and talks, our letters to each other—all those pleasures which you showed me were at once so harmless and so delightful. And as if that were not enough—came love. Such love as I had only dreamed of—such understanding of each other's every thought and word, as I did not know was possible between man and woman—or at least"—she corrected herself sadly—

"between any man and a woman—of my age."

"You talk of your age," said John, smiling tenderly, "as though it were a crime."

"It is not a crime, but it is a tragedy," said Lady Mary. "Age is a tragedy to every woman who wants to be happy."

"No more, surely, than to every man who loves his work, and sees it slipping from his grasp," said John, slowly. "It's a tragedy we all have to face, for that matter."

"But so much later," said Lady Mary, quickly.

"I don't see why women should leave off wanting to be happy any sooner than men," he said stoutly.

"But Nature does," she answered.

John's eyes twinkled. "For my part, I am thankful to fate, which caused me to fall in love with a woman only ten years my junior, instead of with a girl young enough to be my daughter. I have gained a companion as well as a wife; and marvellously adaptive as young women are, I am conceited enough to think my ideas have travelled beyond the ideas of most girls of eighteen; and I am not conceited enough to suppose the girl of eighteen would not find me an old fogey very much in the way. Let boys mate with girls, say I, and men with women."

Lady Mary smiled in spite of herself. "You know, John, you would argue entirely the other way round if you happened to be in love with—Sarah," she said.

"To be sure," said John; "it's my trade to argue for the side which retains my services. I am your servant, thank heaven, and not Sarah's. And I have no intention of quitting your service," he added, more gravely. "We have settled the question of the future."

"The empty future that suddenly grew so bright," said Lady Mary,

dreamily. "Do you remember how you talked of—Italy?"

"Where we shall yet spend our honeymoon," said John. "But I believe you liked better to hear of my shabby rooms in London which you meant to share."

"Of course," she said simply. "I knew I should bring you so little money."

"And you thought barristers always lived from hand to mouth, and made no allowance for my having got on in my profession."

"Ah! what did it matter?"

"I think you will find it makes just a little difference," John said, smiling.

"Outside circumstances make less difference to women than men suppose," said Lady Mary. "They are, oh, so willing to be pampered in luxury; and, oh, so willing to fly to the other extreme, and do without things."

"Are they really?" said John, rather dryly.

He glanced at the little, soft, white hand he held, and smiled. It looked so unfitted to help itself.

Lady Mary was resting in her arm-chair, her delicate face still flushed with emotion. A transparent purple shade beneath the blue eyes betrayed that she had been weeping; but she was calmed by John's strong and tranquil presence. The shady room was cool and fragrant with the scent of heliotrope and mignonette.

The band had reached a level *plateau* below the terrace garden, and was playing martial airs to encourage stragglers in the procession, and to give the principal inhabitants of Youlestone time to arrive, and to regain their wind after the steep ascent.

Every time a batch of new arrivals recognized Peter's tall form on the terrace, a fresh burst of cheering rose.

From all sides of the valley, hurrying figures could be seen approaching Barracombe House.

The noise and confusion without seemed to increase the sense of quiet within, and the sounds of the gathering crowd made them feel apart and alone together as they had never felt before.

"So all our dreams are to be shattered," said John, quietly, "because your prayer has been granted, and Peter has come home?"

"If you could have heard all he said," she whispered sadly. "He has come home loving me, trusting me, dependent on me, as he has never been before, since his babyhood. Don't you see—that even if it breaks my heart, I couldn't fall my boy—just now?"

There was a pause, and she regarded him anxiously; her hands were clasped tightly together in the effort to still their trembling, her blue eyes looked imploring.

John knew very well that it lay within his powers to make good his claim upon that gentle heart, and enforce his will and her submission to it. But the strongest natures are those which least incline to tyranny; and he had already seen the results of coercion upon that bright and joyous, but timid nature. He knew that her love for him was of the fanciful, romantic, high-flown order; and as such, it appealed to every chivalrous instinct within him. Though his love for her was, perhaps, of a different kind, he desired her happiness and her peace of mind, as strongly as he desired her companionship and the sympathy which was to brighten his lonely life. He was silent for a moment, considering how he should act. If love counselled haste, common sense suggested patience.

"I couldn't disappoint him now. You see that, John?" said the anxious, gentle voice.

"I am afraid I do see it, Mary," he said. "Our secret must remain our secret for the present."

"God bless you, John!" said Lady Mary, softly. "You always understand."

"I am old enough, at least, to know that happiness cannot be attained by setting duty aside," he said, as cheerfully as he could.

There was a pause in the music outside, and a voice was heard speaking. John rose and straightened himself.

"Have you decided what is to be done—what we had best do?" she said timidly.

"I am going to prove that a lover can be devoted, and yet perfectly reasonable; in defiance of all tradition to the contrary," he said gaily. "I shall return to town as soon as I can decently get away—probably to-morrow."

She uttered a cry. "You are going to leave me?"

"I must give place to Peter."

She came to his side, and clung to his arm as though terrified by the success of her own appeal.

"But you'll come back?"

"I have to account for my stewardship when Peter comes of age in the autumn," he said, smiling down upon her.

She was too quick of perception not to know that strength, and courage, too, were needed for the smile where-with John strove to hide a disappointment too deep for words. He answered the look she gave him; a look which implored forgiveness, understanding, even encouragement.

"I'm not yielding a single inch of my claim upon you when the time comes, my darling; only I think, with you, that the time has not come yet. I think Peter may reasonably expect to be considered first for the present; and that you should be free to devote your whole attention to him, especially as he has such praiseworthy intentions. We will postpone the whole question until the autumn, when he comes of age; and when I shall, consequently, be able to

tackle him frankly, man to man, and not as one having authority and abusing that same," he laughed. "Meantime, we must be patient. Write often, but not so often as to excite remark; and I shall return in the autumn."

"To stay?"

"Ah!" said John, "that depends on you."

He had not meant to be satirical, but the slight inflection of his tone cut Lady Mary to the heart.

Her vivid imagination saw her conduct in its worst light: vacillating, feeble, deserting the man she loved at the moment she had led him to expect triumph; dismissing her faithful servant without his reward. Then, in a flash, came the other side of the picture—the mother of a grown-up son—a wounded soldier dependent on her love—seeking her personal happiness as though there existed no past memories, no present duties, to hinder the fulfilling of her own belated romance.

"Oh, John," said Lady Mary, "tell me what to do? No, no; don't tell me—or I shall do it—and I mustn't."

"My darling," he said, "I only tell you to wait." He rallied himself to speak cheerfully, and to bring the life and color back to her sad, white face. "Just at this moment I quite realize I should be a disturbing element, and I am going to get myself out of the way as quickly as politeness permits. And you are to devote yourself to Peter, and not to be torn with self-reproach. If we act sensibly, and don't precipitate matters, nobody need have

a grievance, and Peter and I will be the best of friends in the future, I hope. There is little use in having grown-up wits if we snatch our happiness at the expense of other people's feelings, as young folk so often do."

The twinkle in his bright eyes, and the kindly humor of his smile, restored her shaken self-confidence.

"Oh, John, no one else could ever understand—as you understand. If only Peter——"

"Peter is a boy," said John, "dreaming as a boy dreams, resolving as a boy resolves; and his dreams and his resolutions are as light as thistledown: the first breath of a new fancy, or a fresh interest, will blow them away. I put my faith in the future, in the near future. Time works wonders."

He stooped and kissed her hands, one after the other, with a possessive tenderness that told her better than words, that he had not resigned his claims.

"Now I'll go and offer my congratulations to the hero of the day," said John. "I must not put off any longer; and it is quite settled that our secret is to remain our secret—for the present."

Then he stepped out on to the terrace, and Lady Mary looked after him with a little sigh and smile.

She lifted a hand-mirror from the silver table that stood at her elbow, and shook her head over it.

"It's all very well for him, and it's all very well for Peter," she said; "but Time—Time is my worst enemy."

(To be continued.)

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

I.

The three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sir Thomas Browne, presents the opportunity of a brief review of his life and works. Such a task can be undertaken without much risk to the reputation of the critic, who in this case has no difficulties to torment him in ascertaining what may be Browne's exact rank as a man of letters; and as his works have kept themselves apart for the pleasure of a decidedly esoteric taste, the same task may never be altogether gratuitous. Something similar perhaps might be said of all the choicest examples of Jacobean and Caroline prose, but to Browne in a special degree is due this attribute of exclusiveness, which removes him somewhat both from the great masters whom he followed and from the great company into which he came. Hooker was barely five years out of the world before Browne came into it: Donne had reached an almost perfect mastery in his art, while he was still an apprentice at it; and it was as the contemporary of Milton and Taylor and Bunyan that this Caroline physician helped to make the middle of the seventeenth century the chancery of some of the most unforgettable things in the history of English Letters. Nevertheless, he stands by himself. He did not employ his pen to vindicate ecclesiastical systems or public policies; he neither refuted Puritanism like Hooker nor defended it like Milton; he was not purposely and frankly didactic like Bishop Taylor, and as unlikely was he to have written the *Religio Medici* with the unadorned simplicity of preacher Bunyan as Bunyan was to have filled Christian's mouth with the aphorisms of Seneca or the syllogisms of Aris-

totle. In tolerably equal proportions all of them were busy setting up the stately structure of English prose: under the hands of all there went forth a mighty sound of axe and hammer; and the first Temple arose by the hands of all. But Browne was not a Cyclopean workman like Milton; he was not an architect like Hooker; it was less on the stonework and the pillars of the Temple than on the fine work and the pure gold thereof that he exercised the genius of his craft. By reason of these two things, the aloofness of his thoughts (as we have them) from questions that burned in his own day, and the rarity of the manner in which he delivered himself of them, he has in a sense discouraged the popularity of his own writings, and at the same time accorded a reasonable point of view from which to consider them. The result is that Browne has been intensely rather than extensively appreciated; and his influence, wherever it has been felt, has been so deeply felt as to confer the most distinguished part of their literary manner upon several great writers long after his own date.

It is not difficult to imagine how the valedictory triumph of *Hydriotaphia* must have stirred the pulse of a genuine rhetorician, like De Quincey, and smitten upon his ears like the rumbling of the chariots of the Gods. Born out of due season, perhaps, but still the undoubted spiritual offspring and the most undisguised of all the pupils of the Caroline writer is Charles Lamb; and on the threshold of our own century there is passage after passage in the miscellaneous writings of Stevenson to suggest that the most fastidious and elaborate of

modern writers has just risen in a hot enthusiasm from the pages of Sir Thomas Browne. To derive an author, to declare his ancestry, to unravel and separate the various elements in his style, these are usually hazardous undertakings, uncertain at the best, and unprofitable in the end; but back to Browne there is a clear road of return upon which here and there are lifted faithful finger-posts to the fountain that has refreshed the sands and revived the fruitful fields of three centuries.

II.

London has the honor of being Browne's birthplace. He was born within the city in the parish of St. Michael in Cheapside on October 19th, 1605. He claimed an honorable descent on both sides of his house, his father being of an ancient Cheshire family, a fact which did not prevent him from carrying on a successful trade as a merchant. His mother was Ann Garraway, the daughter of a Sussex gentleman. Beyond the fact that he flourished in his business little is known of this Cheapside merchant, who died before he was likely to have exerted any permanent influence upon the character of his son. Probably the boy inherited part of his mystical temperament from him. "His father," says Mrs. Lyttleton, Sir Thomas's daughter, "used to open his breast when he was asleep, and kiss it in prayers over him, as 'tis said of Oviglu's father, that the Holy Ghost would take possession there." But he did not live to witness the effects of this consecration, and after a brief widowhood his wife married Sir Thomas Dutton. Browne was left with means amounting to affluence for those days, though his step-father and guardian appears to have dealt

covetously with his heritage and impaired its value. Though Dutton's main object in seeking the marriage seems to have been money; and though the itch of acquisition was irritated by the contemplation of the £6000 which was his stepson's share of the paternal wealth, there is nothing to show that his treatment of Browne was otherwise harsh or unnatural. He was sent to Winchester School, whence in 1623 he was removed to Oxford and entered as a gentleman-commoner at Broadgates Hall. About that time the Hall was merged into the new foundation of Pembroke College, and Sir Thomas Browne is really the chief glory in the history of that comparatively venerable society. Dr. Johnson, another famous son of Pembroke, does not miss the opportunity of commenting on Browne's connection with the college, "to which the zeal or gratitude of those that love it most can wish little better than that it may long proceed as it began."

Even the zeal or gratitude of those that love it most, in common justice to the material from which the sons of men are fashioned, could hardly expect a college to continue fertile in the production of men like Browne. But there is no hint of academic laurels. To be sure he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1626 and that of Master of Arts in 1629, and then turned his mind, apparently not his love, from the humanities to the study of medicine. In the eyes of his college, however, he was a pattern of virtue and industry, hungry and athirst after knowledge, filling his mind not with husks, but with the solid mental nourishment dispensed by the prophets of his generation; and all his days, long after he had ceased to be the member of a university he never ceased to be a student. Sys-

tematically learned he may not have been, but even in an age of learning his erudition was profound and may have been astonishing. His writings contain rather the promise than the proof of it, though there is never a sign to show that he played the charlatan with his pen and counterfeited an intimacy with the Muses which he did not enjoy. The bulk of his work is a bundle of notes redeemed from their essential irregularity by the device of periodic elaborations, a redemption indeed that fixed an era in the history of English prose literature; still the bulk of it must pass as the observations of a man who delighted himself with excursions and explorations in the by-ways, and was not content to follow the great high-road of knowledge.

After leaving the university Browne settled in Oxfordshire, in the practice of medicine, but the temptation to see the world was greater than his love of physic, and visits to Ireland, France, and Italy followed. He seems, however, to have employed himself busily in medical studies at Montpellier and Padua, and on his return homeward through Holland he stayed at Leyden and there graduated in medicine. This was probably in 1633, and it may be noted that he became a doctor of physic of the University of Oxford in 1637, and ultimately settled down to the practice of his profession in Norwich, where he spent the remainder of his life.

His first book, *Religio Medici*, it is generally believed, was written before his settlement in Norwich, probably in 1635. It is clear that this treatise has the character of a private exercise, and was the result of a slow process of creation during which the author indulged himself by making a record of his speculations, and more particularly by practising and designing the forms of language into which they

should be cast. Without doubting the purity of motive and the sincerity or piety which we expect of the *Religio Medici*, it is likely that Browne was as much concerned with the manner of his discourse as with the matter of it; and when the last ornaments and graces had been given to the composition, he was proud to submit it to the admiration of his friends, who, it appears, banded it about from hand to hand like a common property, until by corrupted transcriptions "it arrived in a most depraved copy at the press." In this event, which raised a gentle storm of mock indignation on the part of the author, there is nothing very odd; but the sequel is interesting. The corrupted version came into the hands of Sir Kenelm Digby, a gentleman who was extraordinarily ready with his pen. It comes to his ears that a "notable piece," by one Dr. Thomas Browne, has issued from the press; he takes measures to provide himself with it, and at last does possess himself of it; after which he reads the book, writes another by way of reply, and sends it to the Earl of Dorset. The remarkable thing is that the whole process, from the first tidings of the piece to the voluminous reply to it, was accomplished within the space of twenty-four hours. And yet, says Dr. Johnson, Digby's book contained many acute remarks and many profound speculations. "The reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life," comments Johnson on these transactions in a sentence almost as risible as the sentiment; and, truly enough, there is something highly amusing in the correspondence that followed between the two authors, in the softness and ceremony with which Browne repudiates the spurious *Religio Medici*, and in the reverences and verbal salutations with which Sir Kenelm replies. After all it is some-

thing of a farce, and in the exchange of elaborate civilities upon which both gentlemen entered with appetite, they present the spectacle of a pair of gorgeous peacocks contemplating the finery of each others' feathers.

The best portrait of Sir Thomas Browne in our possession is from the pen of Mr. John Whitefoot, who was his intimate friend, and first biographer. The characterization is quaint, but it is naive and unskilled enough to impress one with its candor and fidelity. To make a paraphrase of this slight but intimate sketch, Browne had nothing to blush for in the matter of physical endowments. He was a man of moderate stature and of a complexion answering to his name; neither too stout nor too lean. He paid no heed to the fashion of his dress, wore the plainest clothes, and despised fine plumage. We are told, also, that he counted it a necessity of physical well-being that he should always keep himself warm without loading his body, as Suetonius reports of Augustus, with a multitude of garments sufficient to clothe a good family. His memory,—not so eminent as that of Seneca or Scaliger—was both tenacious and capacious to such an extent that he remembered everything that was remarkable in any book that he read. He had by heart most of the best passages of the Latin poets (he confesses to a knowledge of five or six languages), and he had read most of the historians, ancient and modern. Indeed, so notable was his sagacity and knowledge of all history that Mr. Whitefoot takes pains to publish an opinion that "he would have made an extraordinary man for the Privy Council, not much inferior to the famous Padre Paulo, the late oracle of the Venetian State." Notwithstanding those imposing virtues and talents Browne was excellent fire-side company, when he was at leisure

from his profession or his books; he was punctilious in his attendance at the public services of the Church, never missed the sacrament in his parish, and upon a perusal of the best English sermons never forgot to bestow upon them the most liberal applause.

Mr. Whitefoot's delineation is probably as just and true to life as we may expect from an intimate and an enthusiast, but there is some temptation to believe that he has drawn with an idealizing pencil. We seem to be conscious of imperfections, which might have ranked as virtues under ancient dispensations of moral law, but in the new heaven and the new earth can hardly escape a chiding. For a Greek, perhaps, Browne stood upon a pinnacle of moral perfection and arrived at the apex of the Aristotelian code of virtue. The style of the man is something like the style of his pen,—lordly and splendid and magnanimous. He is proud, because he has escaped the first and father-sin of pride; and yet he must have a splendid and uncommon faith apart from the vulgar faiths that confessed their weakness before the mysteries of religion. Ordinary intellects, and even advanced judgments, should beware of the pleadings of a Lucian or a Machiavel; but as for him who is above such temptations, he (if he alone) can detect the secretary of hell by his writing and Satan by his rhetoric, and even in the most fabulous and staggering conceits can see the little finger of the Almighty.

From all which, and many similar self-revelations, Browne appears on his own admissions as an intellectual and moral aristocrat, who was pleased to take the vulgar under his patronage. He was frequently the mouthpiece of his own virtues, and was not above certain loud and public proclamations of his own praises by his own trum-

pet; and from the inaccessible heights upon which he adored the glory and splendor of God he made few descents into the valleys of humility. A shrewd physician, a man busy and careful in the affairs of daily life, and a consummate artist or devoted scholar during the wide intervals of leisure left for his pen or his books, this man, too, who writes that "he could with patience do nothing almost unto eternity, so that he might enjoy his Saviour at the last," and is "ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever,"—it is impossible to rank him among abstracted and professing mystics like Law and Rutherford. The strain of his worldly prudence is too deep and the latitude of his judgment too great. And yet it is not great enough. Browne is not always singular for his age in his charity and toleration, and his wisdom merely screens some notable superstitions which the foolishness of King James exposed. Although those characteristics are easily noticeable and for that reason should be noticed, it may fairly be said that they can, and in Browne's case did, exist without a pharisaical and rabbinical spirit. No one was less fanatic for his age or less a Puritan in his age: no one was more devoted to the conventional rights of kings, or more loyal to the authority of the National Church; and on the whole no one disliked more than he did a reputation for heterodox doctrines. But humanity is a wide and liberal type under which the contrasted elements of our nature may unite without paradox; and to it we must leave the reconciliation of all Browne's worldly prudence and cautious conventionality with the plainest of known facts about him that he was really a "God-intoxicated" man, and that, to borrow Bacon's phrase, he wrote with the pencil of the Holy Ghost.

The chief remaining event of a

personal interest in a comparatively uneventful life is Browne's marriage, which occurred in 1641, the lady of his choice being Dorothy, daughter of Edward Mileham, a Norfolk gentleman. Before his marriage he had indulged in several very wide generalizations on the subject of matrimony wholly to the disadvantage of woman. Man, he writes very bravely in the *Religio Medici*, is the whole world; woman the rib and crooked piece of man. But after declaring his opinion that marriage at best is a disagreeable necessity, he makes some amends by confessing that he is not "averse from that sweet sex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautiful." He made still further amends by himself marrying, and it is worth noticing that eleven children were the fruit of this union, which was blessed with unclouded happiness. Regarding the qualities of the lady, no better authority can be found than Mr. Whitefoot, who declares that she was "of such symmetrical proportion to her husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism." It is a brief but eloquent panegyric, and we may conclude that Mistress Dorothy was among the least imperfect of all the daughters of Eve. Whatever may have been the date of writing, the publication of *Religio Medici* occurred shortly after Browne's marriage in 1643. The most important of his other writings were published during the next fifteen years,—*The Inquiry into Vulgar Errors* in 1646, and *Hydriotaphia* and *The Garden of Cyrus* in 1653, his treatise on *Christian Morals* being reserved to the latter end of his days. Nor did his life close without dignities and honors. In 1664 he was elected an Honorary Fellow of the College of Physicians on the ground that he was *virtute et literis ornatissimus*; and in 1671 he was

knighted by Charles the Second. He survived this last distinction above ten years and died on October 19th, 1682, in the seventy-sixth year of his age and on the anniversary of his birthday. He was buried in the church of St. Peter Mancroft at Norwich; and so far as his own immortality is concerned, "'tis all one to lie in St. Innocents Churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt."

III.

A reasonable point of view from which to approach Browne's writings has already been indicated; and it is evident, to judge by his frequent and not very complimentary allusions to the average quality of the human understanding, that as the author of *Vulgar Errors* he wrote nothing for the entertainment of the public, and as the author of the *Religio Medici* compassed neither land nor sea to gain proselytes. If Browne were as widely read as Bunyan or Jeremy Taylor we might soon have a school of critics buzzing about his pages, like a nest of hornets, to flout him with the parable of the buried talents; and to declare that a writer who meddles with such themes as Christian religion and Christian morality has no right to cultivate philosophic detachments. But the truth is there are so many people with what they conceive to be a proselytizing mission to teach religion and morality that, once in a way, it is a positive relief to find a man preoccupied with the relation of his own mind to those high matters without an officious eye to the improvement of other people. In spite of its occasional egotism and plain contempt (not unbelied by a twinkle of humor) for the plebeian stupidity of the multitude, the *Religio Medici* is a piece of salutary self-examination, and is capable of enthusiasms as burning and intense as

the missionary enthusiasm to gather the sheep into the narrow way from the broad road to destruction. It is thus a useful study in contrasts; for while Bunyan was dragging poor Christian with a great burden on his back across the bogs and quicksands of the moral and spiritual life, and in an allegory as vivid as life itself would pluck him sweating from the mire to catch a glimpse of the Elysian fields or to feel the fierce breath of the everlasting flames, Browne would retire to his lamp with his own thoughts, and with the sweet night and the quiet stars for company compose the mighty music of his hymns to the glory of God.

They are prose-hymns to be sure, but reverberating with a majestic music; for the *Religio Medici* offered him a field over which to parade all the splendid qualities of his mind and spread the flowers of his gorgeous rhetoric. Always remembering Browne's Platonic disdain of the base and mechanical mind of the multitude, the book examines the respective claims of faith and reason, a pair of combatants that have grown gray in the verbal wars of Christendom. Two points, however, are to be observed. The treatise makes few generalizations on these subjects and sets down no dogmas. What it does set down is the faith of the author and the admirable condescensions of his reason; and by the mouths of those ancient and battered champions are proclaimed not only the oracles of the wisdom of Sir Thomas Browne but the ceremonious inauguration of the grand manner in English prose. The other point is this: Browne does not allow faith and reason to cudgel each other, but fixes an abiding truce between them, and brings them to the kiss of peace; and his splendid egotism still follows him, for this faith of his, towering above the rabble, is noisy in

its demand for greater and still greater impossibilities in religion to test it withal. And so:

I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O Altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, with Incarnation and Resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan, and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution, I learned of Tertullian, *Certum est, quia impossibile est.*

And on the other hand:

For unspeakable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way; and, being written unto man, are delivered, not as they truly are, but as they may be understood; wherein, notwithstanding, the different interpretations according to different capacities may stand firm with our devotion, nor be any way prejudicial to each single edification.

No one is likely now to go to the *Religio Medici* either for divinity or theology. In these respects the book has no more than a historical value: it still has a strong interest as the revelation of a great personality in the things which all men profess to count dear; but its main interest is in its literary graces and defects. The more so because the *Religio Medici*, together with the closing chapter of *Urn-Burial* and one or two passages in *The Garden of Cyrus* contains the entire ground upon which Browne's reputation as a man of letters has been raised. It is to be feared that the majority of people who profess to read Browne would not care to pursue their study of *Vulgar Errors* much beyond the index of topics; and having gone so far would shut up the book with a smile upon a discovery that it discusses nothing of more importance than the picture of Haman hanged or the anatomy of Adam in Paradise.

But these and similar topics are not idle matters to Browne; his great learning unbends itself familiarly to the oddest and most unpromising themes; why Jews do not stink he will dispute as eruditely as whether God exists; and handled by him a griffin or a mandrake gives a new dignity to the Cosmos. And so he rides his uncommon hobby into every age; borrowing opinions from Cyril and Epiphanius, Ambrose and Tertullian; or forsaking the holy writers for the secular histories of Herodotus and Tacitus or the philosophy of Aristotle, or tempting you to a dictionary with Aldrovandus and Delechampius; he will stagger your memory and resources with a question which is not worth answering, but which he transforms into a problem so fateful as if the saluts in heaven were waiting upon the solution.

With the works of any author it takes some time to arrive on terms of intimacy, and Browne is not to be conquered in a day. He cannot be picked up at random for the pleasure of the sound of his sentences. That pleasure is to be had at the price of putting up with his moods and humors, and at the labor of hunting it through hundreds of extravagant and tedious conceits. Browne's style is essentially that of a pioneer in the use of words, and if it is marked by the triumph of experiment, it is also marred by the failure of experiment. It has nothing of the flawless regularity and perfect balance of the great moderns who have been content to sit at his feet. It is possible to read Mr. Ruskin at random,—even where Mr. Ruskin is talking nonsense—for the mere pleasure of reading him, for the mere pleasure of moving with the march of his stately sentences. It is possible to read Mr. Matthew Arnold at random—even where we may dislike his meaning—for the mere pleas-

ure of remarking the miracle by which his words reproduce the exact force of his ideas. But there are no such random pleasures in Browne: his sentences are often more chaotic than symmetrical, their meaning more obscure than clear; and there are passages in which even the genius for painting a superb picture with one phrase and epitomizing an epoch with another forsakes him, and he descends into an absurdly over-mannered and pedantic jargon.

In *Christian Morals* these defects are more noticeable than in any other of Browne's writings. Written in his later years, it is a somewhat pale shadow of the morning glories of his first achievements. The inexhaustible fancy seems at last to have exhausted itself and the fires of his genius in word-craft to have burned low; but they have never burned out, for again and again the theme lights up with imagination, and the periods close stately and magnificent as ever. No one can mistake the jargon of such a sentence as this:

Strive not to run, like Hercules, a furlong in a breath; festination may prove precipitation; deliberating delay may be wise cunctation, and slowness no slothfulness.

And then we come upon a passage such as this, resounding with the old nobility of phrase.

Not the armor of Achilles, but the armature of St. Paul gives the glorious day, and triumphs not leading up into Capitols, but up into the highest heavens.

The defects of Browne's style are natural to the experimental stage through which our prose literature was passing, and continuous perfection of form is as absent in Milton's as in his works. They serve, however, to throw into relief those pas-

sages scattered through his writings in which he assumes command over even the last technicalities of his art, and his ear for the rhythm of a sentence is the perfection of truth. Take, for instance, this from the *Religio Medici*:

Whosoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this spirit, though I feel his pulse, I dare not say he lives, for truly, without this, to me there is no heat under the tropic; nor any light though I dwelt in the body of the Sun.

Or this (he is speaking of the last day):

This is that one day that shall include and comprehend all that went before it; wherein, as in the last scene, all the actors must enter, to complete and make up the catastrophe of this great piece.

Or this from *Hydriotaphia*:

But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

The chapter of *Hydriotaphia* from which the last quotation is made has been called "the very and unsurpassable dead-march of English prose"; and as a pageant of words nothing like it had been witnessed before and nothing equal to it during the three centuries that followed. It seems to roll to a close to the sound of drums and trumpets like the progress of an army with banners. In it all the noblest characteristics of Browne's style are assembled together, and his own words are its fittest eulogy; for here, it may be said, as in the last scene, all the actors have entered to complete and make up the catastrophe of this great piece.

It does not require a very intimate acquaintance with Browne's works to

discover that, practical and prudent as many of his sayings are, it was in impalpable and undefinable regions of speculation that his mind was most at home. In the *Garden of Cyrus* we see him in a characteristic mood, dreaming and speculating with apparently no other ends in view than the pleasures of the imagination. The thing itself has no mundane interest. No one except Browne would care to know anything about the quincunx, and still less to invest it with a double setting of rhetoric and metaphysics. But Coleridge was right; for to Browne there existed quincunxes in the heaven above, and in the earth beneath, and in the mind of man. And so the piece goes winding through the mazes of fancy, till at length the writer sets aside his mystical mathematics and, in the manner of *Hydriotaphia*, moves to a conclusion with all his flags flying and drums beating. Admirable, therefore, as his aphorisms and epigrams often are, so that Bacon himself could not have improved upon them, it was the unsubstantial and immaterial that fascinated him, and in him do now fascinate us. Browne was certainly no mystic, if by mysticism is meant a temperament too ecstatic to permit of active participation in even the most ordinary affairs of life. Mysticism is a term that has

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received a special signification in relation to religion, and the age in which Browne lived numbered some of its most notable professors. To that school, however, he himself does not properly belong. Every man up to a certain point is a mystic, and may be so without any reference to the kind or degree of his religious beliefs. In reality Browne's mysticism, though it suffered no unnecessary detachment of mind from affairs, did not end with "the mysteries of faith, the magnalities of religion." In *Christian Morals* there is a bundle of precepts embodying the universal kind of mysticism faithfully practiced in his writings and vacant hours. "Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles; and thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch; lodge immaterials in thy head; ascend into invisibles." And so he banishes our immediate and obvious sensations, the dreams and passing shows of our world, and confers reality upon what neither eye can see nor hand touch. It was in these vast upper provinces, undiscerned by the eye, that his mind was always traveling; and when his pen came to report what his mind apprehended, it never condescended to the trivial politics and vulgar projects of the kingdoms of this earth.

Daniel Johnston.

A VISIT TO BAKU.

The poisonous virus with which the whole system of Russian national life has for so long been impregnated, gives increasingly frequent manifestation of its virulent nature. Strikes and labor riots follow one another with such bewildering rapidity, that the amazed onlooker finds himself wondering how it is that a doomed

bureaucracy still sits ensconced in the high places of St. Petersburg, or that the grim image of autocracy still smiles sardonically upon its victims from its pedestal of clay.

The most recent eruption has proved to be volcanic in its destructiveness. For some time past the regions of Trans-Caucasia have been known to

be in a state of seething irritation, and the smouldering embers of race hatred and social discontent, fanned into activity by a fatuous administration, have at length blazed up in a widespread and devastating conflagration. An outbreak of labor against its employers, immeasurably aggravated by a simultaneous outburst of inter-racial war, incited by the ever-present hatred of rival races and rival creeds, has succeeded in perpetrating in an important centre of Russian industry a stupendous holocaust, and in drenching the oil-fields of the Caspian in a veritable sea of blood.

The administration responsible for the preservation of law and order cannot plead ignorance of the brewing of the storm. Premonitory symptoms were reported in vain by the oil-masters to the Government; and blame for the scourge of pillage, incendiarism, and massacre, culminating in unlimited anarchy, which has swept over Baku and its neighborhood, must undoubtedly be laid at the official door. Only a week before the reign of terror and destruction swept over the land the oil companies begged for the despatch of troops; but their representations were callously ignored, for the authorities were preoccupied elsewhere in a not altogether successful endeavor to quell the wholesale massacres which were desolating adjoining provinces at Elizabetpol and Shusha.

Riots, outbreaks, and massacres in the dominions of the Tsar have become at the present day matters of such ordinary occurrence, as to have ceased to excite in the general public here in England anything more than a passing interest. The casual news-reader shudders, it may be, at accounts more than usually hideous in detail with which his daily paper from time to time provides him; and the sensation of which he is for the moment chiefly conscious is in all

probability one of passing amazement at the civilization of the twentieth century as practised in Holy Russia—and that is all. But in the destruction of the oil-fields millions of British capital are involved, and amid the fighting and bloodshed at Baku English lives have been at stake; and the fact that the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg found it necessary to send more than one urgent appeal during the first half of the past month to Count Lamsdorff for protection for the lives and property of British subjects, affords sufficient evidence of the extent to which Englishmen are affected. There is, then, no need of further excuse for an endeavor to put before the public some idea of the industry upon which this latest example of Russian official incompetence has fallen, or of the magnitude of the interests which are involved.

Baku itself is a modern town with all the outward indications of a thriving prosperity. Imposing stone buildings, commodious shops with plate-glass windows, comfortable hotels, and first-class restaurants give it an air of comfort and good living by no means warranted by its physical surroundings. The country indeed is as unattractive to-day as when seen and described by the adventurous O'Donovan a quarter of a century ago. "For leagues around," he wrote at that time, "not a blade of grass is to be seen, and not even a shrub breaks the arid expanse of broken strata and scorched marl." With this description fresh in his mind, the visitor is prepared for the further information which acquaintance with the town provides, to the effect that the only fresh water to be had is obtained by distillation of the salt waters of the Caspian Sea. The name Baku signifying "a place beaten by the winds," or as a resident acquaintance of mine more bluntly if less classically put it,

"windy hole," is in itself sufficient indication of the climate which the place enjoys. Certainly Baku with such comfort and attraction as it possesses is before all else artificial—the creation of money and of luxury-loving man.

All round on the Ansheronk peninsula, which juts out eastward into the Caspian Sea, great forests of derricks, queer, grimy-looking, pyramidal erections, mark the sites of the oil-fields which are responsible for the existence of the town. Some idea of the magnitude of the industry may be gained when I mention that according to Russian statistics which I obtained upon the spot, the output of the Baku oil-fields in 1901 amounted to 10,822,580 tons, of which amount 7,837,006 tons were exported, the average daily yield of the wells on the Ansheronk peninsula amounting to 29,661 tons. In the same year the other great oil-producing centre of the world, the petroleum fields of Lima and Pennsylvania in the United States, showed an output of 6,509,677 tons, with an export of 3,306,451 tons, the average daily yield of these wells falling short of that of the wells of the Caspian littoral by 11,463 tons.

The phenomena occurring in the country round Baku are, as it is only to be expected in a land so curiously endowed by nature, of no ordinary interest or kind. Many years ago it was recorded by one Guthrie, a traveller in Persia, that "in Taurida in any piece of ground where springs of naphtha obtain, by merely sticking an iron tube into the earth and applying a light to the upper end, the mineral oil will burn till the tube is decomposed, or for a vast number of years;" the accuracy of which statement can be tested by any one to-day. I prodded a hole in the ground not far from the site of an ancient fire-temple, and on applying a light raised a flame several feet in height. Natural issues of gas

and oil make it possible, indeed, to literally set the Caspian on fire in the sheltered creeks of the Ansheronk peninsula. Small wonder that Sir F. Goldsmid should have been betrayed into enthusiasm when describing his impressions of his visit there: "To say that these fires are curious or worth seeing is to say nothing. They are marvellous, and worthy of classification among natural wonders."

But curious as are the natural characteristics of the country, the strangeness of its appearance has been infinitely added to by the devising hand of man. Imagine a stretch of barren ground from which rise hundreds of pyramid-shaped towers all packed as closely to one another as the trees of a forest; picture to yourself further a lurid atmosphere heavy with the reek of oil, and throbbing with a wild medley of sounds almost defying classification—the grunting and groaning of pulley and windlass, the panting of engines, and a roar and hiss like the rushing of many waters which issues from furnaces where liquid fuel is in vogue—and you have some faint conception of the weird spectacle presented by the great oil-field of Balakhani. And Balakhani is but one of the oil-fields of the Caspian. Each one of the pyramid-like erections, known technically as derricks, represents an oil-well which is producing, or has produced in its time, many tons of oil a day, and on the Ansheronk peninsula there are in round numbers some two thousand of these erections.

There is something fascinating in watching the operations that go on under cover of a derrick. A hollow metal cylinder is let down a boring a few inches in diameter, two thousand feet perhaps into the bowels of the earth. The level of the oil having been reached, the engine is reversed, and the cylinder now filled with the

crude product is drawn laboriously to the surface once more. Here the vessel is emptied automatically into a trough, whence the rich, slimy-looking, dark green fluid, with its glittering pink froth, passes into reservoirs to await its final journey to the refineries. I watched a baler on the Bibi Elbat field making its journey backwards and forwards into the depths of the earth, and became conscious of a sensation approaching respect for an implement that with clockwork precision and regularity was raising its hundred tons of oil a day. But any sensation produced by the steady labor of the baler pales into insignificance before the wild enthusiasm excited by the magnificent irresponsibility of a "spouter." It is only possible to picture faintly in imagination something of the feelings of the man who has been fortunate enough to strike a spouter; amid a host of others the wild exhilaration of the gambler who has succeeded in bringing off a gigantic *coup* is probably predominant. The spouter is, indeed, a magnificent thing. It is gloriously indifferent to restraint. It probably blows your derrick to matchwood; but then it throws up anything from 7000 to 10,000 tons of marketable oil—say roughly from £350,000 to £500,000—in the course of twenty-four hours; and what is the cost of a mere derrick compared to this? It is possessed of a violent vitality, and forces its way irresistibly through all obstacles that happen in its path. Men who have had experience of such things have told me much concerning them, inspiring me with something of their own enthusiasm as they talked; and I listened credulously to the tale of one which bored a hole as clean as a drill through a nine-inch steel plate—placed there with a view to controlling as far as might be the vagaries of its flight—in something less than three hours!

Of course you cannot burrow hundreds—perhaps thousands—of feet down into the interior of the earth for nothing. On an average it will cost you £5000 to sink an oil-well. And when you have done so you will be very careful to see that your boring is kept clear. When you bear in mind that the small circular well, penetrating from 1500 to 2000 feet into the bosom of the earth, is only a few inches in diameter at the surface and becomes less rather than more as it descends, you can form some idea of the unutterable calamity which will have befallen you in the event of some small object such as an implement happening to fall down and get stuck in your narrow shaft. You may, with the aid of one of the many ingenious contrivances devised for the purpose, succeed in fishing it out, or in the event of this proving impracticable in laboriously grinding it to powder; but, as may easily be imagined, there is no certainty about an operation of so delicate a nature. I heard of one company that fished for implements thus fallen for five months, and then gave it up and bored a new well.

Such in brief is the general impression imprinted upon the mind by a visit to Baku and the neighboring oil-fields which for the past month have been the scene of anarchy and sanguinary civil war. A few statistics may perhaps assist the imagination in forming some idea of the magnitude and importance of the industry, which, for the time being at any rate, has been reduced to a state of absolute wreckage and collapse.

The aggregate depth bored in sinking new wells and deepening old ones amounted in 1902 to little less than 46 miles, while in 1900 it actually reached the astonishing figure of 94 miles 84 yards. In the course of the year 1902, 1895 wells on the Ansheronsk peninsular yielded 10,266,594

tons of naphtha, an average, that is to say, of 5417½ tons per well. These figures were even larger in the previous year, a total of 1924 wells being responsible for an output of 10,822,580 2-3 tons, of which no less than 7,837,096 ¼ tons were exported in the shape of kerosene, lubricants, naphtha residues, and raw naphtha, the residues used as fuel being responsible for the bulk of this total with a weight not far short of 5,000,000 tons. The impetus given to the industry in recent years may be judged from the fact that the 324 wells reported as yielding oil in December 1892 had increased to 1423 in the same month of 1902, and that the output of the year 1901 showed an increase of 10,467,742 tons on that of twenty years before. The number of wells which have become inactive has naturally risen rapidly with this largely increased production, as many as 1273 wells having ceased yielding in 1901 as compared with 842 in the previous year and 594 in 1899. This increase in the number of dry wells has of course been counteracted by an increased energy in the sinking of new wells, the returns showing a total of 200 new wells sunk in 1892, 504 in 1902, and the tremendous figure of 1010 in 1900.

It is impossible to compute the exact amount of English capital invested in the industry, but that it is very large may be seen from the fact that the issued capital of the six most important English companies engaged in it amounts alone to close upon £5,000,000. It will be long, too, in all probability, before it will be possible to estimate with any degree of accuracy the total amount of damage done. An extreme pessimism was the dominant note of all the early reports of the disaster, which were unanimous in painting a sombre picture of ruin and collapse. The plant of the oil-wells on the Bibi Elbat field was

burned out, and the depôts of the Caspian Company destroyed. The oil-wells of Balakhani, Roumani, and Sabuntchi¹ were in flames, oil-towers and store-houses were wrecked, 100,000 worthless fugitives were thrown starving upon the land; ruin, in other words, colossal and complete, stared the industry in the face, involving serious consequences to the trade and commerce of the country, and a loss of about £20,000,000 annually to the State revenue from excise. Such was the tenor of the reports which gave to the world the news of the storm of violence and disorder which had broken over Russia. With the comparative lull which succeeded the first fierce outburst of anarchy and carnage admitting of a more sober view, the measure of the earlier estimates of the disaster received some modification. The Englishmen whose lives had been imperilled at Balakhani were gallantly rescued by Mr. Urquhart, since appointed British Vice-Consul, whose knowledge of the language and customs of the country stood him in good stead in his perilous adventure. The Bibi Elbat estate, too, seems to have escaped the full force of the human tornado, which spent itself largely upon the district of Balakhani. The losses in addition to those caused by stoppage of production are set down at from £4,000,000 to £5,000,000, though according to another and more likely account, an outlay of £8,000,000 will be required to put the wells in working order again, and for the reconstruction of the workmen's barracks and the purchase of new machinery.² Nor is

¹ The output of these estates in 1901 was as follows:

Bibi Elbat	2,147,354 tons.
Sabuntchi	4,709,444 "
Roumani	1,995,377 "
Balakhani	1,892,954 "

² Telegrams have since appeared in the press stating that the plants of 21 oil companies and 13 private owners have been completely destroyed. The Baku Company has lost a third

It the oil-masters alone who will suffer from the collapse of the oil industry. The report which has reached this country to the effect that whereas the refineries have saved stores of kerosene sufficient to last a year, the residue is all exhausted, is of serious import to all those concerns dependent upon steam power which look to naphtha residue for fuel, such as the milling industry of Moscow and the railways and shipping of the district. The total direct losses, indeed, to the different concerns, including the railways and shipping on the Volga and Caspian, are already estimated at upwards of £19,000,000.

But to appreciate the true significance of the situation in the Caucasus in all its bearings, it is necessary to look beyond the mere loss in pounds, shillings, and pence. It has been affirmed by no less an authority than the great oil-fields proprietor, M. Nobel, that the present crisis is the outcome of a political labor war—itsself the offspring of the oft-ignored demands of a people for reform. Such things of themselves predicate a serious falling in the health of nations. They become infinitely more serious when complicated, as in the present case, by disintegrating external influences, such as racial and religious war. The spectacle of the might and power of Russia crumbling away before the onslaught of an Asiatic nation in the Far East has not been lost upon the populations of the Asiatic dominions of the Tsar. Already hordes of Tartar horsemen have risen to the cry of the prophet; already bands of turbulent Kurds have poured down from the Persian highlands to swell the tide of revolt that is sweeping across the country; already the cres-

of its derricks, the Nobel Company 40 per cent., and the Born Company 50 per cent. Of Messrs. Rothschild's properties only one is intact.

cent and green banner of Islam have been raised aloft in open revolt against the Cross of Christianity. The proclamation of a holy war has indeed been made infinitely more likely by the recent rule of Prince Galitzin, who inaugurated the fatal policy of playing off Tartar against Armenian—a policy which, as the *Times* remarked, can only be described as Turkish in its complexion, and which has been largely instrumental in bringing about a cataclysm at which the civilized world may well look on appalled.

By the first week in September the extreme urgency of the situation could no longer be ignored even by Russian officialdom, and for the past month the authorities have had their hands full in despatching troops to the various centres of disaffection. All the atrocities for which we are accustomed to look when Russia is occupied in restoring order with the Cossack and the knout, have been added to the ghastly tale of horror inseparable from every phase of Eastern civil war. The soldiers, indeed, who were expected to cope with the elements of disorder, seem as often as not to have added materially to the confusion and disaster. Like the Kurdish levies of the Sultan, who regard their royal title of Hamidiyeh in the light of a warrant for indulging in indiscriminate slaughter whenever opportunity occurs, the Cossacks seem to have waged war impartially upon friend and foe, and to have fought ruthlessly, neither asking nor giving quarter, with all who chanced to come their way. They trained artillery upon and wrecked the offices of the English manager of four large companies. In company with the Tartar insurgents they hemmed in a band of four hundred Armenians, whom, despite their frantic requests to the Governor for help, they butchered to a man. *Suaviter in modo* is no more the

motto of the Russian Cossack than it is of the Eastern fanatic. Tales sickening in the intensity of their pathos have poured in from the theatre of strife, which for days has been converted into a perfect maelstrom of human passion. Men, women and children have been indescribably tortured and butchered in batches by the fierce Asiatics, driven to frenzy by their lust for blood. Violence begets violence and hatred hate. The Russian artillery that shelled the hospital at Balakhanl in which were packed close upon a thousand Armenians and workmen, were in their turn fallen upon by the infuriated mob and forced

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to retire under showers of boiling oil. Incendiarism, pillage, outrage and massacre—the incarnation of barbarous war, in other words, in its most gruesome guise, has laid its palsied hand heavily upon the great oil city and its neighborhood.

If out of this evil good may come, it may be found in the fact that one more nail has thereby been hammered into the coffin of a system of administration which, neither at home nor abroad, has shown itself worthy of the sacred trust of the guidance and government of a people which it has for too long assumed.

Ronaldshay.

MR. SAMPSON'S COURTSHIP.

On a moorland by-road two cottages stood under one roof. One had four rooms, the other only two—kitchen below and bedroom above. It was a lonely spot; the nearest house was a mile away, the nearest village twice as far. Catherine and Caroline Stevens occupied the larger dwelling; the other had been vacant for many years. The sisters owned both houses, and had a modest little income besides, which they supplemented with the produce of their poultry-yard. Catherine was fifty-five, Caroline fifty-three, and they had dwelt in this solitary place all their lives. Seniority and a shade of difference in their temperaments gave Catherine the rule. She was the more active of the two, and had what she humbly called a temper. Speaking in parables, she drank weak tea, while milk and water sufficed for the gentle Caroline. Catherine was the business woman. Eleven o'clock on every Thursday morning saw her trudging down the road, on her way to a neighboring market town, with a basket on her arm containing eggs, and perhaps a

chicken or two; while Caroline, who seldom stirred abroad, stood at the gate and watched her out of sight. Caroline was on the watch again at five in the evening, to greet her on her return with the week's supply of groceries and news.

One Thursday she was back a full half-hour before her time. She panted as she sat down, and her eyes were bright with excitement. Caroline's pulse began to flutter.

"Sister," she said faintly, "what is 'a'?"

Catherine pointed to the fireplace.

"There's somebody want to take it," she said.

"The house?"

"Ess, the house. A man."

"Sister! A single man!"

"Ess. A stranger from up the country."

"Aw, Cath'rine! You didn'—"

"Ess, I did. Why not? Trust me; I know better from worse. A staid man, and his name's Isaac Sampson, and that's a good respectable name—took out o' Scripture, both ends of it; and

he's to work on the parish roads breaking stones, and there an't no solider trade than that, I should think. And he'll pay a shilling a week, and I've took the arnest-money for the first week, and him and his furniture's coming up to-morrow. There!"

Caroline gasped.

"Cath'rine! A single man, and a foreigner! And us all alone!"

"You'm talking fullish, sister. A staid, respectable man, I tell 'e, and sixty if he's a day. You've seed en, too, and spoke to en. He passed a' Tuesday and give us the time o' day."

"There was two people passed a' Tuesday," said Caroline.

"This one passed in the morning."

Caroline reflected.

"Gray whiskers all round, soft black hat up to 'm, stooped a bit, and said 'marnen' broad-like?"

"That's the chap. I reco'nized him to once when 'a spoke to me. A civiller-spoken man I never look to meet. Recommended by the butcher, too. Ess, I asked Mr. Pearse about en, and 'a said 'a was honest enough for all he knowed—and that's a deal for a man to say that kill his own meat. I'll tell 'e how 'twas."

With all its ramifications of detail and comment the telling of the five minutes' interview in the market-place took half an hour at least. By that time the idea, which at first had so terrified Caroline, had grown familiar and accepted.

"P'raps if we ask him," said she, "he'll kill the chickens for us. I sha'n't never get over wringing the poor dear mortals' necks, not if I live to be a hundred."

It was late next evening when Mr. Sampson arrived with his possessions in a farm-cart. The sisters watched, peeping from behind their geraniums into the rainy April twilight, while the

furniture was being unloaded. Evidently Mr. Sampson was no Sybarite. When a chair, a table, a bed, a box, and a bundle of miscellaneous ware had been carried in, the empty cart drove off, and the new tenant went in and shut the door.

"My life, did 'e see?" exclaimed Catherine. "No carpet, no mats, no ornyments, not so much as a li'll picksher! A rough sort, I seem. I do 'most wish I hadn' took his shilling."

"Poor soul!" murmured Caroline. "At his age, and nobody to look after him! I'm glad we laid the fire. He'll be looking for a bit o' comfort in a strange house, and there an't no better comp'ny than a good fire, nor no worse than a black grate this wisht malin-choly weather. I hope he'll light the fire."

"He'll be biling the water for his tay, I reckon," said Catherine, "so he's bound to light en."

"Cath'rine, I didn' see no kettle carr'd in!"

"Nor I nuther. P'raps 'twas in his box."

"With his Sunday clo'es? A dirty black kettle! Aw, Cath'rine!"

"Well, must be somewheres. The man must have his tay. 'Tidn' in nature for a mortal to go without tay."

"Well, I do hope he've lighted the fire. That kitchen's a reg'lar bird-cage for draughts. . . . Aw, my dear life! what was that?"

They were sitting by the fire, and out of the back of the grate came a sudden sound, a sharp double tap, twice repeated. They looked at each other in some alarm, for it seemed to be in the room with them. Then Cath'rine's face cleared.

"I know," she said confidently. "He's knocking his pipe agin the bars of the grate. He's a-setting there, close up to we, smoking away 'front o' the fire."

"Like father used," said Caroline.

"Nice and comfor'ble, with his boots off, I shouldn' wonder. There! now he's raking the fire. 'Tis 'most as if 'a was in the same room with us."

They kept silence for a while, trying to realize their new neighbor's proximity through the chimney wall, straining their eyes after the shadow of his company. Presently Catherine had an idea.

"How if we should rattle the fire-shovel a bit?" she suggested. "'will seem more sociable like."

Caroline stretched out her hand, and drew it back, reddening.

"I don't like to, somehow. It seem so—so forward, like-a-thing."

"Aw, nonsense! How's going to know we done it a-purpose? And the grate wants righting up, anyhow. Here, give it me."

She scraped up the ashes with defiant vigor, and let the shovel fall clattering.

"There! Now call your sister all the bold 'uzzies you can think for!"

Caroline smiled faintly, holding up her finger. But even if Mr. Sampson heard the signal, he was not imaginative enough to interpret its kindly meaning and respond. It was ten minutes before they heard another sound—the double tap again.

"One more pipe, and then to bed," commented Catherine. "That was father's way."

They remained over the fire, talking a little in discreet tones, their ears ready to seize the slightest sound through the wall, their imaginations busy with the man who sat unconscious within a few feet of them. Once he coughed, and they speculated on the sound. Was it an ordinary clearing of the throat, as Catherine maintained, or was Caroline right in detecting a hollow ring and arguing a weakness of the chest? Once he whistled a few slow notes; they recognized a fragment of a revival hymn, and drew

favorable deductions. If it had been a low pothouse song—! At last they heard once more the tap-tap of the pipe-bowl, followed immediately by the scraping of chair-legs on bare boards.

"Just like I said," exclaimed Catherine. "He's going to bed now. La me! 'tis nine o'clock! How quick the time have gone to be sure!"

"I'm glad we took him in, good man," said Caroline. "It make a bit o' comp'ny, don't 'a?"

Sleep was long in coming to them after the unwonted social excitements of the evening; they awoke later than usual next morning, and were only down in time to see Mr. Sampson go past on his way to work. They hurried to the gate.

"He don't stoopy so much as I thought," said Caroline. "A clever man for his age, I seem. Idn' his left-hand coat-pocket plumed out like?"

"So 'tis. Got his dinner inside, I reckon. Wonder what 'a is."

"Cath'rine! How's going to manage for his meals?"

"Dunnaw. Cook 'em himself, s'pose, same as we. And a wisht poor job 'a'll make of it, I seem."

"Poor chap! We—we couldn' offer to cooky for 'm, s'pose?"

"Wouldn't be fitty—not till we do know him better. Pretty and fullish we'd look if 'a was to say, 'No, thank'e.'"

"P'raps he'll ask us to," said Caroline, as they turned to go in. "Aw, Cath'rine! If 'a haven' gone and left the door all abroad!"

"So 'a have, the careless chap! I've a mind—"

She turned about, looked warily up and down the road, and then marched resolutely out of the one gate and in at the other.

"What be doing, sister? Cath'rine, what be about?"

Catherine's face was set. "I'm going to geek in," she said, and went straight up to the door. A fearful fascination drew Caroline after her, and together they peeped into the room.

"There's his mug and tay-pot on the table," whispered Catherine. "I don't see no plate."

"Nor no kettle," murmured Caroline. "I'd a jealous thought 'a hadn' got no kettle. Look, he've a-biled the water for his tay in that dinky saucepan!"

"I'm going inside," Catherine announced, and stepped boldly forward. Caroline cast a nervous glance behind her and followed.

"Here's a frying-pan; all cagged with gress, too; haven't ben claned, not since 'twas bought, by the looks of it. He've had bacon for his brukfas'."

"Here's the piece in the cupboard—half a pound of streaky; and nothing else but the heel of a loaf."

"I claned up the floor yes'day, and now look to en! Such a muck you never behold."

"Cath'rine! we can't leave en go on this-a-way! It go to my heart to see en so."

"No more we won't. We'll come in after brukfas' and do up the place."

"But he'll know. He might be vexed."

"Don't care," said Catherine, recklessly. "If he's vexed he can take himself off. This room have got to be clane and fitty agin Sunday, and clane and fitty we'm going to make it."

One thing led to another. On his return Mr. Sampson found the house swept and garnished. The grate was polished, the fire laid; a strip of old carpet was spread before the hearth, another strip guarded the entry. A bit of muslin had been nailed across the window, and on the window-shelf stood two geranium plants, gay with scarlet blossom. The table was set

for a meal, with knife and fork and mug and plate, and on the plate was an inviting brown pasty. He went upstairs, and found his bed neatly made, and a bright-colored text pinned on the wall where it would meet his waking eyes. Mr. Sampson pondered on these things while he ate the pasty to the last crumb. Presently he went out and knocked at his neighbors' door. Catherine opened it; the other conspirator trembled in the background.

"Thank'e, marm," said Mr. Sampson shortly.

"You'm welcome, Mr. Sampson. Anything we can do to make 'e comfor'ble —"

Mr. Sampson shifted his feet, spat respectfully behind his hand, and said nothing. Catherine gained courage.

"Won't 'e step inside?" she asked, and immediately bobbed backwards, uttering an odd little squeak, as her skirt was tugged from behind by the alarmed Caroline. Mr. Sampson stared at her in mild astonishment.

"No, thank'e—do very well here," he said, according to formula. "Pasty was capital," he added, after a pause.

"Sister made it. She's gen'rally reckoned a good hand."

"Thank'e, marm," said Mr. Sampson, raising his voice and addressing the obscure interior over Catherine's shoulder. The vague figure within responded with a flutter and an inarticulate twitter. "If you'll leave me know what's to pay—"

"We won't say nothing 'bout that, Mr. Sampson. But I was going to say, sister and me have been talking things over, and I was going to ask 'e—"

With many hesitations Catherine expounded a plan of mutual accommodation by which she and Caroline were to cook his food and keep his rooms tidy in return for his aid about the heavier outdoor work—digging the garden, gathering fuel from the moor, and the like. A special clause stipulated for

the wringing of the chickens' necks. Mr. Sampson agreed readily and grew spasmodically confidential. Lived with a widowed sister till last year. Sister married again; gone to live in the shires. Doing for himself ever since, and making a terrible poor job of it. Knew no more about cooking than a cow did about handling a musket. Could make shift to fry a rasher, and that was about all. Reckoned he'd do very well now, and was properly grateful to the ladies for their proposal.

"Aw, you'm kindly welcome, Mr. Sampson!" It was Caroline who spoke, close to her sister's elbow.

"Thank 'e, marm," he replied, and Caroline shrank back into the shadows.

The arrangement worked capitally. Every evening on returning from work Mr. Sampson found his house in order, his table laid, and something savory warming at the fire—a broth of leeks and turnips, maybe, or maybe a potato pie. The paste for to-morrow's "crowst" was ready in the cupboard. Having supped and digested, he would go forth and work in the garden till dusk, when he would come round to the door for a few good-night words with the ladies. Bit by bit Caroline's maidenly tremors subsided. She gathered confidence before this mild, slow-spoken man, and when, at the end of the second week, he came to pay his rent, and was invited once more by Catherine to step inside, and was politely demurring, it was the younger sister's soft "Do 'e now, Mr. Sampson," that decided him to enter.

When he had gone they agreed that his company manners were unexceptionable. Thrice he had to be pressed to light his pipe before he would consent, and then—what touched them most—every few minutes he bestirred his stiff joints, went to the door, and put his head outside like a real gentle-

man, instead of making a spittoon of their spotless fireplace. They felt safe in repeating the invitation. Soon no invitation was needed. He dropped in as a matter of course every evening at the accustomed hour, sat for the accustomed period in his accustomed chair, and bore his part in the accustomed talk. It was a wonder to Caroline that she had ever been afraid of him, now that he had come to be as much a part of the natural scheme of things as the grandfather clock that ticked in the corner by the staircase; and, indeed, with his round moon face, his slow and weighty speech, and his undeviating regularity of habits, he bore no small resemblance to that venerable timepiece.

The four made a comfortable and well-balanced *partie carrée*. Catherine led the talk; Mr. Sampson seconded her bravely; Caroline was the best of listeners; while Grandfather filled the gaps, when gaps occurred, with his well-conned discourse, soothing to hear with a clear conscience at the close of a well-spent day. There was no more harmonious and happy a fire-side company in all the country.

Then came the catastrophe.

One evening—it was a Thursday, about three months after Mr. Sampson's arrival—he knocked at the door as usual. It remained shut. He tried the latch; it would not open. He called out, and Catherine made answer:

"Grieved to say it, Mr. Sampson, but you can't come in."

"How? What's up with 'e?"

"I can't tell 'e, but you mustn't come in. Will 'e please to go away, Mr. Sampson?"

He thought it over slowly.

"No, I reckon," he said at last. "Not till I do know what's the matter."

"Aw dear!" There were tears in her voice. "I beg of 'e, go!"

"Not till I hear what's up," he repeated.

A murmur of agitated talk came to his ears.

"If you'll open door," he said, "you can tell me comfort'ble. I won't come in if you don't wish, but I'm bound to know what's up."

More whispering. Then a bolt was withdrawn and the door opened an inch or two.

"Come," he said, and pushed gently. The door resisted.

"I can't look 'e in the face. If I must tell 'e, I must; but I die of shame if I look 'e in the face."

"So bad as that?"

"Worse 'n anything you could think for. Aw dear! How be I to tell 'e?"

The door threatened to close again. Mr. Sampson said nothing, but quietly set his foot in the gap between door and door-post. It was a substantial foot, substantially shod; the mere toe of it, which alone was visible within, was eloquent of masculine determination. Catherine made a desperate plunge.

"Mr. Sampson, they'm a-talking about us."

"How us?"

"You and we. 'Tis all over the country—scand'lous talk. That I should live to see the day!"

"If you'll kindly give the p'ticlars, marm," he said patiently, after a pause.

"We never thought no harm," she sobbed. "'Twas only neighborly to offer to do for 'e, and you all alone and so helpless. I'm sure the notion never come into our heads. 'Tis a sin and a shame to say such things."

"Say *what* things?"

"Say—we—we'm a-trying to catch 'e!"

The terrible word was out. The pair within awaited the result with trembling expectation. It came—first a long low whistle; then—could they believe their ears?—an unmistakable chuckle. Catherine shrank back as from the hiss of an adder. The door

swung open, and Mr. Sampson confronted them, his eyes a-twinkle with sober enjoyment.

"That's a stale old yarn," he said. "Heard en weeks ago. Only 'twas told *me* t'other way about. Don't mind telling 'e I mightn' have thought of it else."

"Thought of what, Mr. Sampson?"

"Why, courting of 'e, to be sure," said the gentleman, placidly.

The ladies gasped in unison.

"You don't mane to say you—you'm —" stammered Catherine at last.

"Ess I be, though. This fortnit, come Sunday. If you'll kindly take it so, and no offence."

"But—but we never noticed nothing."

"No. s'pose. 'Tis like the cooking, you see—I'm a terrible poor hand at it. Now 'tis out. Ben't vexed I hope?"

"Aw, no! But—"

"There!" he hurried on. "Think it over, will 'e? There's the saving to consider of, you see—money and trouble both. And I've put by a pound or two. Not so young as I was, but we ben't none of us that. And not so dreadful old, nuther. Wouldn't think of parting 'e; reckon we could be pretty and comfort'ble together, the three of us, though I can't marry but one of 'e, 'course. So talk it over, will 'e? I'll be round agin to-morrow evening. Good-night."

He had reached the gate before Catherine found voice to recall him.

"Mr. Sampson! Plaise, Mr. Sampson!"

"Well, marm?"

"Ascuse my asking, but—would 'e mind telling—telling *whichy* one you were thinking of—of courting?"

Mr. Sampson showed signs of embarrassment.

"Now you'll be laughing upon me," he said. "Whichy one? Well, I don't know whichy one, and that's the truth. But 'a don't make no odds," he added

cheerfully. "Settle it between yourselves; I ben't noways p'ticler."

"La, Mr. Sampson! Who ever heard tell of such a thing?" cried Catherine, giggling in spite of herself.

"That's right," he chuckled. "Laugh so much as you've a mind to. ' Sister laughing too?"

Caroline's nervous titter passed muster.

"Now we'm comfor'ble," he said. "Reckon I can step inside now, and no scandal."

In he walked, none hindering, took his accustomed chair, spread his hands on his knees, and beamed on the sisters.

"Ess," he continued, "I'm like the cat in the bonfire—don't know which course to steer. Never was such a case, s'pose. I've turned it over this way, and I've rolled it over that way, and I can't come to no conclusion. Always seeing you together, you see, I can't part 'e nohow, no more than milk from water. But it don't matter, as I said. If only you'll be so kind as to settle it between yourselves——"

"We couldn' do that," said Catherine emphatically.

"Couldn' 'e, now?" He turned inquiringly to Caroline. Caroline shook her head.

"'Twouldn't be fitty," she murmured.

"Well, you do know best," said Mr. Sampson, a little dashed, and pondered, with his eyes on the ground, while the sisters shot sidelong glances at him and avoided each other's looks. He lifted his head and caught Caroline's eye.

"Cath'rine's the best to manage things," said Caroline in a hurry.

He looked hopefully at Catherine.

"Car'line's the best cook by far," she hastened to say.

Mr. Sampson thumped his knee.

"That's where 'tis!" he exclaimed. "The pair of 'e rolled up together 'd make a complete masterpiece; a man couldn' look for a better wife than the

two of 'e 'd make. That's where 'tis, nor I don't see no way out of it—not in a Christian country. Ah!" he added, meditatively. "These heathen Turks—they know a thing or two after all, don't they?"

"Mr. Sampson, I wonder at 'e!" cried Catherine, shocked at this libertine sentiment.

"'Tidn' to be thought of, I know that," he apologized. "But I can't think upon no other way. Without"—he brightened—"without we should spin up a ha'penny and bide by the fall of en."

"Never in this house!" exclaimed Catherine, more shocked than ever.

"Don't see how we shouldn'," he maintained stoutly. "'Tis just the same as casting lots, and that's a good Scripture observance. The reg'lar way with these old patriarchs, so I'm given to understand; only twas shekels with them, I reckon. But, shekels or ha'pennies, 'tis all one."

"If you'm sure 'tis Scriptural," said Catherine, impressed and half-convinced.

"Sound Bible doctrine, my word for'n. An't that so, marm?" he added, appealing to Caroline.

"I mind a text in Proverbs," said Caroline, shyly, "which say, 'The lot causeth contentions to cease.'"

"See!" ejaculated Mr. Sampson. "That's of it! 'The lot causeth contentions to cease.' 'Tis almed straight at our case. Out o' Proverbs, too. Old Solomon's the chap for we. See how 'a settled that argyment 'bout the baby! And there were two ladies in *that*. Well, then?"

Catherine shook her head doubtfully, but offered no further objection. Mr. Sampson produced a handful of coins, chose one with fitting deliberation, and held it up.

"Now," he announced, "if 'a should turn up the old Queen, then 'tis Cath'rine. If 'tis the young person with

the prong, then Car'line's the one. And up she goes."

It was not the spin of an expert, and he failed to catch the flying coin. It fell to the ground in a dark corner. Mr. Sampson went down on his hands and knees, while the sisters held their breaths.

"Well, I'm darned!"

The ladies jumped as they sat. Mr. Sampson rose slowly to his feet, holding the halfpenny at arm's length and smiling foolishly upon it.

"If it had been a lime-ash floor, now," he said.

"What's wrong?" Catherine found voice to ask.

"Fell in a crack o' the planching, my dear. Found en sticking there edge up, and no head to en, nor yet no tail. Old Solomon himself couldn' make nothing by en. But how come you to have a timbern floor to your kitchen when mine's lime-ash?"

"'Twas father's doing when the house was built," said Caroline. "He always liked to take off his boots of a' evening, and lime-ash is that cold-natured 'tis apt to give 'e chilblains through your stockings."

"Well, to see how things do turn out," meditated Mr. Sampson.

"'Twas ordained I seem," said Caroline solemnly.

"A token, sure 'nough," agreed Catherine. "And father's eyes upon us this very minute I shouldn' wonder. Mr. Sampson, I doubt 'tis all foolishness, and we'd best say no more about it."

"Don't see that," said he. "If your father didn' choose to wear slippers, that an't no lawful reason why I shouldn' get married if I want to. Must try some other way, that's all."

Again he pondered, till Caroline broke the silence with a timid suggestion.

"If," she hesitated, coloring, "if we should wait a bit, Mr. Sampson keeping away from us meanwhile, p'raps his heart 'ud speak."

"So 'a might," said the gentleman dubiously, "and then again 'a mightn'. A mazy old organ, b'lieve."

"Absence make the heart grow fonder, so they say," remarked Catherine.

"That's very well, and I don't doubt but what it do," he replied. "But how if 'a should make en grow fonder of both of 'e? Where 'd us be then? But we'll try if you do wish, though I doubt 'tidn' much use."

Taking his leave, he paused at the door.

"All the same," he said, "I can't help wishing I'd been born a heathen Turk."

Left alone, the sisters had plenty of food for thought. They sat without speaking, and the longer they sat the harder it became to break silence. For the first time in their lives a veil of reserve was drawn between them, and every moment it thickened and darkened. At last, with a few constrained words for decency's sake, they lit their candles and went to bed. Next morning two heavy-eyed women confronted each other with mistrustful looks over the breakfast-table. The day dragged through on a minimum of conversation, in which no word of their neighbor found a place. Through the morning of the next they held no communication at all, and the air was heavy with suppressed thunder. In the afternoon Caroline set about her preparations for the usual Saturday baking. The materials were on the table, all ready to begin, when Catherine came in from the garden. Her searching glance on the table hardened into a fixed glare.

"I thought as much," she said in a tense whisper. "You've been taking those Wyandotte eggs!"

Caroline turned pale.

"S'posing I have," she made answer at last.

Catherine raised her voice.

"You knowed very well I was going to set Toppo on those eggs to-day."

Caroline trembled and clutched the edge of the table.

"S'posing I did," she whispered.

"Then how come you to take those eggs?"

"I—I shall take what eggs I've a mind to—so there!"

"A mean trick—so 'tis, to take my eggs, what I've been saving up for Toppo, and she as cluck as cluck can be, as you very well know, and in her box this very minute, wearing her heart out over the chaney nest-egg, poor fond little worm! Of all the mean tricks, to take my eggs——"

"Aw, you and your bistly old eggs!"

Even for a maiden attempt at scornful sarcasm it was a wretchedly poor one, and its effect was further discounted when the perpetrator instantly burst into a flood of penitential tears. The next moment they were in each other's arms.

"To think of it," exclaimed Catherine as their sobs subsided. "All these years with never a cross word, and now—— Aw, drat the man!"

"Sister!"

"Drat the man!" she repeated, reveling in her own profanity. "Wish we'd never set eyes 'pon him. Sarve him right if we sent him 'bout his business."

"Sister! When we'm both as good as promised to 'n! Beside, 'a wouldn' go. He's terrible obstinate for all his quiet ways."

"A week's notice 'll settle en," said Catherine viciously.

"Cath'rine, we couldn'! Good man—to be slighted by two in one day and turned out of house and home overplush—we couldn'!"

"It do seem hard," admitted Catherine. "But we can't go on this way, that's plain."

"P'raps he've made his ch'ice by now."

"If 'a have 'a can't choose but one of us. And then, where'll the other be?—tell me that."

"Sister," said Caroline, and paused and drew a long breath. "Sister, dear, I—I ben't in no p'ticlar vi'lence to get married."

"Caroline Stevens," returned Catherine, "there's the Bible 'pon the shelf. Lay your hand to 'n and say those words agin, if you can."

Caroline hid her face in her hands. "I can't," she faltered.

"Nor I nuther. And here we be, the two of us, geeking round the corner after one man. At our age, too!—'tis shameful! I'm black-red all over at the thought of it. Two silly old women—that's what we be."

"Aw, *don't*, sister!" shuddered Caroline.

"Two silly old women," repeated the merciless self-abaser. "But it sha'n't be so. Thanks be I got some sense left in my brain, though my heart's a caudle of foolishness. It sha'n't be so. The longer he stay the worse 'twill be, and go he shall. How couldn' 'a make up his mind 'fore speak? 'Twouldn' have happened so then."

"'Twas fo'ced upon him to speak."

"So 'a was. I mustn' be hard upon him. 'Tis Doom, I reckon; and better-fit Doom should tend to his battles and murders and sudden deaths, 'stead o' coming and plaguing quiet, dacent folk. Well, and Doom sha'n't have it all his own way, nuther. There sha'n't be no jealous wife nor no sinful-thoughted sister-in-law, not in this locality."

"Sister! Such dreadful talk!"

"'Tis my duty to spake plain. There's bound to be suffering come out of it, but anyways we can choose to suffer respectable. Go he shall!"

The garden-gate clicked.

"Cath'rine, here 'a do come! And, aw, if I do live, he've got his best clo'es up!"

"Then 'a *have* made up his mind

after all, and he've come to tell us so. But 'tis too late now, and 'a sha'n't name no names, not if I can help it. 'Twill be harder still if we do know. Now, Car'line, you'm too soft for this job. You leave en to me, and don't say a word, and, whatever you do, don't start snooling—dost hear? We got to be hard, or we'll never get rids of him."

The door was tapped and opened, and Mr. Sampson appeared. His hard-pressed holiday suit encased him in rigid folds, like the stone garments of a statue; his face was one consistent solid smile; a substantial cabbage rose adorned the lapel of his coat; and his hands—oh, wonder!—were mailed in enormous black-kid gloves. Altogether he made a noble, if stiffish figure, worthy of any woman's affection. Catherine felt her resolution tottering. She advanced one desperate step and shot her bolt.

"Mr. Sampson, you'll kindly take your week's notice from to-day."

The wide expanse of smile slowly crumbled, and as slowly heaped itself up into a round O of ineffable astonishment. Caroline began to whimper. Catherine caught her arm and stealthily shook her, as Mr. Sampson's eyes roved to the ceiling, to the walls, and to the floor, as if in search of symptoms of universal disintegration.

"I'm a dazy old buffle-head, I know," he began at last; "and I don't azackly seem to get to the rights o' this."

"There an't no rights to en!" cried Catherine wildly. ("Will 'e stop snooling, sister?) 'Tis all as wrong as can be, and time to put an end to it. Nor you mustn't ask why, for we can never tell 'e. We'm grieved to put 'e out in any way, and we'm grieved to part with 'e, but go you must, and no questions asked."

Mr. Sampson's scattered wits obeyed his summons. "If I ben't mistook," he said, not without dignity, "there was

words passed between us consarning matrimony."

"Foolish words," interjected Catherine. "Foolisher words were never spoke. They've got to be took back."

"If I ben't mistook," he continued stolidly, "I was told to go away and make up my mind—or my heart, as you may say—if so be I could."

"'Tis too late. We'll be thankful if you won't say no more about it."

"If I ben't mistook," he went on, with a corroborative glance at his festal attire, "I come here just now to say I'd come to a conformable conclusion at last. I come here to say—with doo respect to the other lady, who's good enough for anybody—I come to say I'd pitched my chi'ce on the lady I should wish to commit matrimony with. And the name of that lady—"

"Don't say the word!" cried Catherine. "'Tis hard enough already; don't 'e go to make it harder. Which-ever 'tis, her answer have got to be "No." An't that so, Car'line?"

Caroline speechlessly assented.

"With best thanks all the same," continued Catherine in softer tones, "and hoping you won't think too hardly of us; and never shall we think other than kindly o' you, and proud we'd ha' been, ayther one of us, if it hadn' been ordained otherwise, as you'll mind I said to once when the ha'penny stood on edge, and—aw, *will* 'e go, and not stand gazing there like a stuck pig?"

Mr. Sampson stiffened his back. "Very well, marm," he replied, and began peeling off a glove. "I ben't one to fo'ce myself on nobody." He attacked the other glove. "Nor I ben't going to state no grievance, nor ask no questions, nor mention no names." He rolled the gloves into a forlorn and crumpled ball.

"You'll spile 'em," said Catherine, sniffing audibly. "Give 'em here."

She took them, smoothed them out,

laid them together, turned one neatly inside out over the other, and returned them.

"Thank 'e," said he. "Bought 'em for a funeral I didn' go to—never put 'em on till to-day. Queer how things do turn out. Well, if I got to go, then the sooner the better." He took the flower from his buttonhole and laid it on the table. "(Meant for the lady of my chl'ce—not to mention no names.) So I reckon I'll go to once." He fumbled in his pocket. "I can get a bed over to Churchtown—very good beds at the inn, so I'm told—and I'll send along for my things later on." He counted some silver out on the table. "Two shilling—rent for this week and next."

"Mr. Sampson—" Catherine protested through her tears. He raised an implacable hand.

"If you please, marm, according to the law of the land, and not wishing to be beholden to nobody. And that's about all, b'lieve. Good-bye."

"You'll shake hands 'fore go," pled Catherine.

"No, I don't think," said the unforgiving old man. "'Tis the Christian thing to do, I know; but there an't no mistake about it—I ought to have been born a heathen Turk."

Without another word he turned and

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went. His bowed figure passed the window and disappeared.

"He'll scorn us all his life," wailed Caroline.

"We've done what's right, so don't matter what he think of us," said Catherine. "I don't care, for one."

The rose caught her eye. She took it up and lifted it to her face.

"Give it me," said Caroline, dry-eyed, of a sudden. "I'll take care of it."

Catherine whipped it behind her back.

"Meant for the lady of his chl'ce," she said. "Maybe you think—"

"I've so much right as you to think —"

They held each other's eyes, and gentle Caroline's look was as hard as her sister's. But the crisis passed as quickly as it had come—with Caroline in a fresh flood, with Catherine in a resolute stamp of the foot.

"It shan't be so!" she declared; and going to the fire she opened the top of the grate and dropped the flower within. It shrivelled and vanished.

"And there's an end to en," she said. "Dust and ashes. And now, sister, snooling won't help us, but work will, or so they say else. Time to pitch our baking; come, bustle!"

Charles Lee.

"STONES OF CAEN": A STUDY IN MONOSYLLABLES.

If at some time you find that you are in Caen with a few hours to spare, there are at least two sights in that town on which you would do well to spend them.

We have all heard of the great Duke, of the fight on the South Downs, of the chance shaft from the bow by which he won. Some think it was as a free gift to God who did so bless his arms

that day, that he built the great church at Caen. Some, that it was a sue for grace, to wash from his soul a stain of sin, in that he took to wife one who was bound to him by ties of blood. To break their bond, to yield the sin, that were too much to ask; but they would each build a church in all good faith: he to the west, she to the east; his on the plains, hers set on the hill. It

would be a good plan; no one would be the worse for it, and their minds would be at peace.

Since those days the town has grown up on all sides; shop and house press close. You may see the twin spires of the one church prick the sky for miles round, but so soon as you draw near you lose them in a block of roof, a maze of street and wall. The best point of view for this church is from the flat fields which lie to the south. Take a short cut by the path, and half-way down the path you will meet a stream, and at a bend of that stream is a small grass knoll. If you wait here you will see the sun set. You will have your spires rise in a sea of gold. They will shoot up, grow big all at once; they will leap near, they will shrink far, they will melt in the haze, they will throb in the glow. Now is your time; daub in your wash for the sky, splash your two strokes for the spires; quick, or they will be gone! Catch them as they dance and mock you; catch all that gold, the blue, the rose! You would not think such depth of tone could fade, such wealth of sea run dry; but soon it will be as if a hand came down, and stole the best of all the tints, as if a hand should draw them one by one, should take them hue by hue and drain the whole till at last you have but a streak which floats down the cold gray sky, shakes in the chill, and dies.

You would have thought that you might get a good view of the church on the hill from the town, but to see it at all (save for a glimpse here and there) you must climb up the hill and be brought face to face with it. There you have room to draw back for a good look at the whole West Front, to take your stand and let your eye grasp, if it can, the block and width of the great base, and then mount up from joint to joint and con the height and might of those two piles which frown on you

four-square. The spires long since have gone, the daws wheel round and perch and flap, and men like mites move to and fro the square bent on their work, and the grim church is still through all the years.

You should go in. Walk from where you stand, by the green plots of grass, up to the steps; keep if you can a straight course, and as you come near, it will seem as if it strides to meet you. It looms so large, your brain whirls; you get the whole dead weight on you; and you are glad to slip in at the door and feel, as you brush the porch, the size of things.

At once a mood falls on you. What is it? What is there in the strict plan of nave and aisle, the bold round arch, the bare vault, the plain glass lights set back in the thick walls? It is all good and strong and true; and yet you get a sense of gloom. You feel a dread which it is hard to name. You seem to be in touch with the past. . . . You are with the dead. These who come here, *they* are the shades; they have no part or lot. Is it not theirs, the dream? The dead, the dead walk here, walk in and out and fill the seats, pass up and down the aisles and crowd the nave. Not a sound, no not a sound; yet they throng and throng. Do they walk with bare feet?—on that cold stone floor? Poor dumb souls.

You may, if you like, make the sense more real. If you are quite sound in head and heart, and boast a frame of mind so glad that you dare dive with it to the depths of woe, if you have the luck to walk so much in the light of the sun that you can spare an hour to stroll through the halls of shade—*then* I will show you what you must do.

You must go to see the choir. And in the first place as you come up the nave you will find that you are met by a screen, a screen of three great Thrones to God, which you must know it is not worth your while to try to get

through or to get round, since it runs right from wall to wall, and is a dead block, and is *meant* to be a dead block, to keep such as you and me, my friend, at bay.

But why? You will see why. You will see why when you have gone out and come in by a back way we know of. Push through the door, and down the steps, turn to your right and cross the square, and you will come to a big gate. It is the gate of one of those homes which the French call by so apt a name, the Homes of God, where the poor who are sick, and the sick who are poor, may get all the kind thought and care they need from the good nuns who give their lives up to their work of love. For a small sum ("C'est pour les pauvres") you will get a guide bent low with age, who brings her bunch of keys and leads you to a side door and takes you in. And what do you see there?

You will see steps and mount them, and find that you are met once more by a screen, a *grille* in front of the choir; and then, though not for that, you will stop dead. For you will hear now for the first time a low sound of chant; you could not call it song, it is not *tune*, but *tone* of a sort; nor can you catch the beat of time, save where to mark a phrase the wall drops down, and then is caught up with a burst once more, is caught and borne to surge and swell, and so in turn to sink and die. *Who is this and what is here?* You would give a great deal to know; and, bless you, she can read your thoughts; you are not the first to prick your ears, do not think it—to stand mute on those worn gray steps with a blank stare and doubt your sense of sight and sound till you have put them to the test of a sharp pinch. She nods and gives a shove and nudge to make it clear that you may press close up to the *grille* while she pulls back the thick

gauze veil for you to peep. They are the nuns. There they sit in the dark stalls which range the *apse*, a half-moon with its face your way. They chant some kind of psalm, and as they chant, first here, then there, they rise in turn, each bears her part and sinks just as she rose, with haste, as if the time were short to pray.

You do not know what to make of it. Now they are like birds in flight; you can hear the soft rush of wing on wing, you can feel the thrill of breast with breast;—then by their buzz and hum they are a swarm of bees;—then you smile, for they are old-world maids at play; it is a game, a queer sort of game best known to those that play it, where each must jump to cap the last who spoke;—then they are souls too clean for taint of earth, who have shut the door on a world lost in sin.

And, last of all, your eye is caught by a tomb, great bare plain slabs which rest on the stone floor in the midst. It is the tomb of the great Duke's wife, and then you see that it is not to you, as first you thought, the half-moon turns its face. You muse and dream and span the time back to the far-off past when they laid the Queen in her grave. You shut your eyes; you see the throng of fair French dame and maid come to mourn their loss; you hear the gowns sweep up the nave, you hear the sobs, the sad chant as the corpse is borne to its last place of rest. And then night falls, and some have gone, and some are left to watch. . . . So? They watch still? What, all these long, long years? Yes; for see, they draw close round the tomb; see, their heads nod; they sing of her; they tell, this one and that, how short a time it is since she was here, and how she spoke, and how she stood, and who had seen her smile or heard her sigh, and all the work she wrought.

Dorothy Horace Smith.

THE INTELLECTUAL INTERESTS OF THE POOR.

Life would be very dull without its intellectual interests in the judgment of the majority of our readers, and it is remarkable how rapidly this view is spreading downwards. Of course, the great mass of the very poor have—using the word in its ordinary sense—no such interests at all. The fact that every one can now read has enabled a certain section of the Press to appeal to the lowest class with snippets of political and police news, but the study of these snippets can hardly be said to nourish the mind. Leaving, however, the lowest class out of count for the moment, there are signs that an increasing percentage, though still a very small one, of those who live by manual labor are taking to serious reading. Last week the present writer visited four public libraries in the South-East of London. Between them they contain about sixty-six thousand books, forty-four thousand of which may be taken away by residents and employes in "The Boro'" for home reading. Something under fifteen hundred are issued every day, and, counting reference-books as serious, only thirty-six per cent of those issued are fiction. It is a curious fact that the proportion of serious books taken out in the suburban Free Libraries is far lower. According to the statistics before the present writer at this moment, something like three-quarters of the books borrowed from the Croydon, South Norwood, and Thornton Heath Public Libraries are works of fiction. Possibly these institutions appeal to better-off folk who possess serious books of their own. But this explanation seems hardly sufficient to account for the disparity. Now, no one can walk about Southwark or Walworth and not realize that these districts are inhabited almost entirely by the poor.

A dead level of poverty! is the thought which comes to the mind of a superficial observer. It is not a dead level, but an infinite gradation of levels; but take it how you will,—there are few enough among its population who could afford to buy many books.

The serious interests of the borrowers are, it seems, chiefly scientific. Popular books on astronomy are very largely borrowed. Enterprising mechanics who want to gain a more thorough knowledge of their trade borrow engineering books. A lecture given in the neighborhood upon wireless telegraphy created a great run upon popular literature relating to that subject. A good deal of history is taken out,—for instance, Green's "Short History of the English People" and books about the French Revolution. A fair amount of poetry, notably Shakespeare and Tennyson, is asked for, and some theology, generally of a modern and popular character,—Canon Hensley Henson's books, for instance. Sceptical books, we were informed, which a short time ago were much in demand, now stand idle upon the shelves. This fact, however, must not be taken to mean too much; for cheap secularist literature, such books as Cotter Morison's "Service of Man," has, we understand, a very large sale. The political questions of the day affect the ebb and flow of books considerably, and just now books on the Fiscal question are continually in reading, and also those dealing with questions of sociology. Housewives take out a good many manuals dealing with nursing, cooking, washing, and the feeding of children. Music, too, is in demand, and books about music.

Of course, the book-loving librarians who courteously furnished the present

writer with this information see only those who have the wish to read, and look eagerly for signs of the spread of that wish; consequently, it is not impossible that they may exaggerate the intelligence of the neighborhood, just as a doctor may exaggerate its ill-health, or a philanthropist its distress. The doctor does not come across the healthy, the philanthropist across the prosperous, nor the librarian across the stupid and ignorant. It must be confessed that those whose lives bring them in contact with the unsifted mass of the working population of Southwark—the clergy, for instance—take rather a different view. "Putting aside newspapers, there is very little reading," seems to be the common clerical verdict, except—and here all voices agree—among children. The children show a great and rapidly increasing desire for books. Many free libraries have started juvenile departments, and the librarians tell one with a smile that they "cannot satisfy the children." Those who manage small libraries in connection with churches, schools, and settlements all say the same thing. A book will often return having been in a surprisingly short space of time through as many as ten hands. The experience of the responsible persons in public libraries seems to be that few are lost. We understand that in the smaller private libraries a less happy experience is common. The favorite reading of all these children, many of them belonging to parents who do not open a book year in and year out, is fairy stories. Boys read Henty and Ballantyne to a certain extent, and girls Mrs. Molesworth and Mrs. Marshall; children's history books and other serious books connected with their lessons are sometimes taken out; but boys and girls alike prefer fairy stories. All kinds and any kind—Mr. Lang's books, Grimm, Hans Andersen—nothing comes amiss; and the present

writer was told on good authority that this love of fairy tales shows itself up to a surprising age, both boys and girls of fourteen and fifteen still asking for them. The love of supernatural romance is indigenous all the world over; but it is strange to see it so strongly developed among the children of the slums, whose surroundings are, to all appearance, so sordid and so material. Perhaps it is this very fact, or rather the dawning consciousness of this fact, brought about by education, which leads them to turn for relief to the children's natural recreation-ground,—the Land of Fancy.

But to go back to the grown-up reading poor. They are not, of course, as we have said, many, and they do not often come from the lowest class. But classes, though in books of statistics a hard-and-fast line may be drawn between them, overlap in real life. The upper poor often go down, and the lower poor often go up. An intelligent boy of the lowest class, whose constitution will allow him to battle against an inadequate supply of food, fresh air, and warmth, may very likely become an intelligent and highly skilled workman, especially if he acquired the habit of reading while he was young. It is easy to say, What are fairy tales? but they do train the imagination, and they do train children to seek mental pleasure, and both these things must tend to the civilization and against the brutalization of the grown-up man. Do not the facts look very much as though there were going to be an intellectual lower as well as an intellectual middle and an intellectual upper class? It can never be large. The vast majority of those who work hard all day with their hands will never give their minds in the evenings to any reading which requires thought. Only those who desire to read very strongly, strongly enough to do so

when they are tired, will do it, and they are few in any class. But if such a body of men as we are imagining should ever attain to any numerical strength, should ever become more than a set of isolated individuals, what would be, for want of a shorter word, the sociological effect of the change? It is very difficult to say, because they would not be exactly what is commonly called educated men. It is only the highly gifted and those in very exceptional circumstances who could supply for themselves in a few hours a day all the learned guidance which goes to the training of richer boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. On the other hand, they would consist entirely of those who had the will to learn,—in itself an immense source of strength. Desultory and disconnected reading on the part of men who have not what is vaguely called "original culture," and have a great appetite for knowledge, is very liable to lead to eccentricity of judgment, and such a class, we may well believe, would contain an inconvenient number of cranks. By cranks we do not mean fanatics. Desultory reading, whatever its disadvantages, does not produce them. It is not fanaticism of which we are thinking, but of that tendency to go off at a tangent, that inability to concentrate the mind upon the main issue, which is so common where the educational foundation is not deeply laid. But cranks are for the most part harmless. For one thing, they never combine. Then, too, the Englishman's bent is towards common sense. The great majority in all ranks of life are blessed with a fair amount of it in this country. An intellectual

The Spectator.

lower class, in spite of some serious and inevitable defects, would be a powerful instrument for the diffusion of ideas among the people at large, working, as it were, from so close to the mass. Would the chief of those ideas be discontent? We do not think so. Of course, if by discontent one means an enhanced desire to live a civilized life, the circulation of ideas inevitably produces that which, after all, is nothing but a suffusion of social and moral energy. But if it means envy, class hatred, and malice, surely not. The malignant discontent supposed by some old-fashioned persons to be the outcome of education is a mere bogey. Who ever saw an individual who was rendered ill-conditioned by free access to books, and who has not known scores who were thereby made happy? Probably the effect of the movement will be nothing but a slight uplifting of the mental condition of the poor, an amelioration of those evils which come from the want of something better to do and to think about,—drunkenness and brutishness in all forms. But beside this somewhat dull probability a brilliant hope presents itself. The best-trained and keenest minds among the hand-working classes are sure to be set upon the social questions which touch them so nearly. The housing and consequent health of the people is not to them a matter of philanthropic interest, but of life and death. The spurs which will drive them to think on the subject are peculiarly sharp. Is there not a hope that from below may come the solution of those problems of poverty which have hitherto proved insoluble from above?

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is to make a visit to this country, with a view to her next novel, which is to be published by the Harpers.

It is announced that Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison), who is now residing at Eversley, where her father, Charles Kingsley, wrote some of his best-known works, is at present engaged on a new novel, which is to be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. early in the spring of next year.

The Rev. John Watson (Ian Mac-laren), who is leaving Sefton-park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, where he has been minister now for a quarter of a century, has made a collection of his sermons as a sort of farewell volume, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are to publish under the title "The Inspiration of our Faith."

The Saco in log-rolling time furnishes the scene-setting for Kate Douglas Wiggin's latest story, "Rose o' the River," and her characteristic humor appears in "Old Kennebec," the heroine's shiftless, garrulous grandfather, and his thrifty, sharp-tongued wife. But the romance which the title suggests is commonplace, though pretty, and the book will disappoint Mrs. Wiggin's admirers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Smith, Elder & Co. have just published Capt. Robert F. Scott's account of his voyage towards the South Pole in the *Discovery* in two volumes, with 260 full-page and smaller illustrations by Dr. E. A. Wilson and other members of the expedition, twelve colored plates in facsimile from Dr. Wilson's

sketches, panoramas, and maps. The writer's main object has been to produce material for the guidance of future voyagers. But he has endeavored as far as possible to avoid technicalities, and his volumes, notably the portion describing the extended sledge journeys, are full of adventure.

Longman's Magazine suspended publication with its October number. The reason assigned is that, partly by reason of the development of cheap processes of illustration and the consequent rapid increase in the number of low priced illustrated periodicals, competition for the patronage of the six-penny public has become very severe, and the mere endeavor to keep up a high literary standard is no longer sufficient. Rather than follow the prevailing fashion, Longman's withdraws from the lists. It will be greatly missed, for it has been always hospitable to the best things and has had a distinct flavor of its own.

The girls who have delighted in Anna Chaplin Ray's "Teddy" books will seize eagerly on her latest novel, "Sidney," and take hope from its subtitle, "Her Summer on the St. Lawrence," that this story is the first of another series. For the brief period between juvenile and adult reading there are few books more popular than Miss Ray's. She always introduces a large and varied group of young people; their experiences at home, in college or on vacation trips, make attractive reading, and the opportunity for a moral lesson, now and then, is not too obtrusively improved. The Sidney of the present story is the oldest daughter of a city physician of moderate in-

come, and her visit, with a mischievous small brother in convoy, to a rich aunt summering on the St. Lawrence is full of pleasant incident. Little, Brown & Co.

With "The Ballingtons," Little, Brown and Co. introduce a new Western writer of promise, who signs herself "Frances Squire." Her first novel discusses the problems of married life, especially those involving the purse-strings, and in spite of certain crudities of method, and a tendency to caricature which will be instantly resented by those who find themselves out of sympathy with its conclusions, it claims, by its obvious sincerity and earnestness, a place among the rapidly accumulating "studies" of this subject, while its readable qualities will commend it to those who take it up for pleasure only. Two brothers and a cousin—men of radically different types—make up the Ballington group; of the two who love her, the heroine chooses the wrong one, and the plot follows painfully the struggles of a generous and high-minded girl to adapt herself to the conditions imposed by a self-sufficient, hard, mean and unscrupulous husband.

Recording the fact that the London County Council has just placed a commemorative tablet on the house in Young street, Kensington, where Thackeray resided from 1846 to 1853, The Academy remarks:

It was in this house, it will be remembered, that, after the unpleasant chatter which partly induced Currer Bell to reveal her identity, "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" gave the party to Charlotte Brontë which proved so dire a failure that the host retired and sought his club. In Young Street "Esmond" and "Pendennis" were written,

and "Becky Sharp"—delightful even in the scene between Rawdon Crawley and Lord Steyne which M. Daudet has paid the compliment of imitation in "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné"—was created and "Vanity Fair" took shape. Passing the house in later years with Fields, the American publisher: "Down on your knees, you rogue!" cried Thackeray; "for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned. And I will go down too, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself."

If Arthur Stanwood Pier has been over lavish of material in his new novel, it would be ungracious of his readers to complain. "The Ancient Grudge" portrays with unusual power the development of the rasping sense of obligation felt by a shallow and selfish young fellow toward the comrade who saves him from drowning, till it deepens from chagrin and jealousy into genuine malice. The story opens as the men are entering Harvard, touches on significant incidents of their college career, traces their rivalry in love, and establishes one as an architect of showy pretensions in the Western city where the other is managing a large manufacturing enterprise belonging to his grandfather. The characters of the two are well contrasted, and the hero's—a really fine type—is admirably brought out. The number of minor actors is unusually large, and the two women who divide the romantic interest are cleverly done, and Colonel Halket, the old factory-owner, is a figure to remember. Whether the reader classes this as a psychological study, a presentation of the labor problem, or a love story will depend on the bent of his own mind, but in any case he will count it an exceptionally strong book. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



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Maine's Natural Advantages.

In natural advantages for agriculture, manufactures and commerce Maine surpasses all the States of the North Atlantic division, which includes Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Her area of 33,040 square miles just about equals the area of all the other New England States combined. Her area of fertile, cultivable land exceeds that of all of them, the county of Aroostook alone, in this respect, surpasses any one of them. The forests of Maine cover an area of 20,000 square miles, clothed with pine, spruce, hemlock, oak, maple, poplar, cedar and other valuable woods. We have more than 1,500 lakes and ponds, covering 2,300 square miles, and over 5,000 rivers and streams, affording more than 2,500,000 horsepower; more available waterpower than any equal area of the surface of the earth, not excepting that of which Niagara is the center. The seacoast of Maine, extending for 225 miles in an airline from Kittery Point to Quoddy Head, is broken by the great bays of Casco, Narragangus, Muscongus, Penobscot, Frenchman's, Passamaquoddy and numerous smaller ones, forming a succession of long, rocky peninsulas, separated by deep and narrow inlets with many safe and commodious land-locked harbors.

Maine has a longer line of navigable seacoast with more accessible harbors than all the other States of the North Atlantic division combined. New Hampshire has no seaport accessible for the largest modern ships. Massachusetts has but one considerable port of entry, Boston; the long, sandy peninsula of Cape Cod, which constitutes the largest part of her coast line having not a single harbor suitable for maritime commerce. Connecticut and Rhode Island have not a single first-class ocean port. Aside from Long Island, which has not an available harbor, New York has not a mile of seacoast outside of New York harbor, while New Jersey, with 130 miles of ocean front from Sandy Hook to Cape May is a waste of sandy beach without a single navigable harbor. In addition to her coast line Maine possesses an advantage not enjoyed by any other State upon the Atlantic coast, in two great navigable rivers, the Penobscot, 275 miles long, navigable for 55 miles, to Bangor, and the Kennebec, 155 miles long, navigable for 42 miles, to Augusta, and many other rivers, which, at comparatively small expense, might be made available for maritime commerce. In Portland harbor, Maine has the finest seaport on the Atlantic coast, with great natural advantages of constantly increasing value, by reason of the steadily increasing draft and tonnage of seagoing vessels, which are placing an embargo on Boston, Montreal and other less accessible harbors.

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